

WAR & CRY



AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA, NORTH-WEST AMERICA, AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

15th Year. No. 31.

WILLIAM BOOTH,
General.

TORONTO APRIL 29, 1899.

EVANGELINE BOOTH,
Commissioner.

Price, 5 Cents.

TO SET YOU THINKING



My Journal.

BY THE GENERAL.

Fremantle Sighted!—Where is the General?—Hoisting the Yellow Flag—At Woodman's Point—Small-Pox is Here!—Wholesale Vaccination—Over the Wall!—Heat and Flies—Liberation—Reflections on Quarantine—in Perth Town Hall—Journalistic Cross-Examination—A Toilette Banquet—Good-bye to Perth—Governmental Courtesy—At Northern and Turk—Alhany at Last—Who is—Dr. Simpson?

A Tuesday, February, 21.
HEAVY sea, or something else, caused me a very restless night, but this is nothing new, for I have slept very imperfectly all through the passage. I do not think I ever remember having so little sleep, in the time, in my life. Through mercy, however, I am well, and with my quarters full of hope and confidence for the coming campaign.

We are to be landed by 9.30, the Captain says, and the day has been largely occupied in getting our things together. After looking forward to the campaign for months, smelling the battle from afar, as it were, we are now within forty-eight hours of the big engagement, and find as much hope as in full swing for a good start.

Seven pm. The Fremantle lights are sighted. Soon after we slow down to make the pilot on board. We had been proceeding carefully, taking account of every fair wind, but the moment the pilot reached the bridge away we went full steam ahead. And now the doctor's boat comes alongside, and after him a steamer, and then the voice of the Commandant was at once recognized. He and his Staff have come to welcome me to Australia.

Commissioner Pollard says: "General, you had better receive the Commandant in your cabin. I will go and bring him to you." Accordingly I go to my cabin and await the interview.

THOUGHTS ABOUT THE COMMANDANT.

I could not help feeling some considerable satisfaction in contemplating it. I had not seen my son Herbert for nearly the year. He had made a good fight in Australia, and I wanted to tell him so. I knew that he loved me tenderly, and need not say that I loved him with all a father's affectionate heart. I knew from his letters he was loving devoted, and full of spirit with great eagerness and delight, and now the hour had come. I expected every moment to hear his voice, but he did not arrive. I wondered and wondered, and would not let myself think what we were doing, and at last my patience gave out, and I went to enquire.

There was some uncertainty about a case of sickness. A clear bill of health had been returned by the Captain, the ship's doctor had said that all was right, but at the last moment the purser had mentioned that one of the family, who had been on board as servants for a gentleman landing at Fremantle, had some sort of trifling illness, and he thought the doctor had better see him for himself. The doctor at once produced a young man, leaning against the wall, and saying aloud, "I need, or anyone coming off. A young lady who had come from London to be married had just reached her beloved. I think they had kissed, but they had to part, and Commissioner Pollard, instead of bringing the Commandant, returned to tell me how things stood, that we should know the result in a few moments, that it might be all right, that we should get away."

In a few moments I did know, and that with a vengeance, as they say. I knew the unpleasant fact that the doctor suspected that the Tarrill had small-pox, that he had declared the ship in quarantine, ordered the yellow flag to be hoisted, and forbidden communication of any description between passengers within and visitors with-

out except that of shouting to each other in the presence of passengers and crew, with the surging of the turbulent sea, and the working of the compass and lighthouse, and noise.

Disappointment is too feeble a word for all concerned, especially for my Australian Staff. Instead of taking the General to meet the immense crowd on the pier, which had waited some hours, there was nothing for it but short "Good-bye" and wait for the morning, when a further consultation is to decide the matter.

Wednesday, 22nd.

Everybody on board is in consternation at the prospect of twenty-one days' confinement to the ship, or on some desolate island, not far from the Salvation Army officers on shore, who had everything planned for the goldfields trip, and all the meetings that are to follow.

I came to give up. The Commandant was alone at six. He has had little or no sleep. The medical consultation is to come off at eight. Is it small-pox, or is it what one of the German officers described to the Commission as "Ticket-Box" chicken-pox, he meant to say.

The doctors have consulted. The ship's doctor maintains his ground that there is nothing serious the matter with the man, but the district health officer insists that there is a serious element of doubt, sufficient to make further consultation necessary. Meanwhile he goes again to the shore, while the man takes the district health officer insists that there is a serious element of doubt, sufficient to make further consultation necessary. Meanwhile he goes again to the shore, while the man takes the district health officer insists that there is a serious element of doubt, sufficient to make further consultation necessary.

Two p.m. The doctor has returned, and sending for Commissioner Pollard, has informed him that it would be forty-eight hours before he could be certain whether it was the dreaded small-pox, or consequently he would give us the choice of going on with the ship, or going off to the quarantine station, and waiting the turn of events. We decided on the latter.

It is a pity that the whole afternoon to get us scrambled out of the Prinz Regent Luitpold into a miniature steamer passenger boat. We are fifty four in number—first, second, and third-class passengers all jammed up together—suspects, we might be termed, of different nationalities, characters and destinies.

Everybody looks very serious. It does seem to have fallen hardly on some of us. For instance, there are two young gentlemen in the service of the government of the colony, who came on board last night with the pilot to see some of the passengers, and then, as they came on board, the pilot himself, who I fancy feels the most aggrieved party in the group, because, as he says, "the Captain told me all was clear, or I should not have touched the ship." There is one of the richest timber merchants in the country, known, I think, as the "Jarrah King," returning with his daughter, who has been finishing her education in England. There is a young lady with her mother and sister coming to marriage, and there is the General and his staff having reckoned on being on the way to the goldfields. As a matter of fact, each in their own estimation equally aggrieved as to the hardships of their case, all on their way in this old steamer to be interned in this quarantine settlement.

The settlement is known as Woodman's Point, and consists of a piece of sandy ground, part of it covered with a kind of shrub or bush growing about six feet high. On it is a stone building

which would accommodate, I should think, about twenty or twenty-five persons. This is to be reserved for the ladies of the party. The gentlemen are to be accommodated with a small hut, which will be divided into two parts. We are arrived, the tents were in the future; indeed, I could not see that any preparation, or only that of the alignment character, had been made for so large a company. However, as the Commandant had not allowed the grass to grow under his feet. It was a half-holiday in Fremantle, the shops were all closed, but they had found a bad spot for a little change. We are in a hall, separated from the sea beach by a hedge of the bush before referred to. Five minutes' walk away is the house from which we have to lay our hands upon a wall divides us from the upper settlement, which at the moment is vacant; on a post outside is written on a piece of paper: "Small-pox, and by nine o'clock had got the sun pouring down his rays out of an absolutely cloudless sky, and tormented with flies as numerous as the sea sand, I am trying to do something to reduce the position of things from the ignominious failure that it seems."

Run for the circumstances and the feeling that we are wanted so much about the day. When the Commandant got out the band, issued bills, burnt colored lights, and created a general commotion to make them known.

Friday, February 24.

We are as uncertain as ever as to the possibility of any escape from our confinement, but the position of things at the corner of the wild bush, with the open sea before us, can be so called. The heat today is very severe, and the flies, if possible, more tormenting than ever. I have tried several experiments, but all have failed. The position seems nothing to do but to endure the grievance with all the patience we possibly can.

Dr. Hope, the medical officer, brought over yesterday a sufficient supply of lymph, and ordered the young doctor who is amongst the quarantine prisoners to vaccinate the rest of the party, himself amongst the number. As the day was to be let off after a stay of ten days, instead of twenty-one, I have decided the operation. My staff are following my example. All the rest of the party, with I think one exception, have submitted to the small-pox disease put into their veins to ward off the human ailment. I cannot make myself believe that the process is a divine institution.

The doctor has told me what in India is called a "pandal," that is, four upright posts robed and filled in with bushes; but being only very imperfectly constructed, it only partially answers the purpose.

The doctor has not been over to see us to-day, but we are constantly in communication by telephone with the Commandant and other officials with whom we think anything is to be gained in the direct communication. All the information we can glean is that the patient appeared much better this morning. The probabilities of the case turning out to be nothing more than the small-pox, the Commandant came over at night, and had a long talk with me "over the wall." He is much grieved. Still we are not without hope.

Saturday, 25th.

The heat increases, the thermometer registering 135° in the sun. I had to give up the idea of the party. Afternoon, and felt as though I must go on the eve of an attack of some sort of illness at night.

Dr. Hope has come over in his yacht with a fresh supply of provisions, and brought me a letter from Perth. That does not look as though there was any prospect of immediate deliverance. He is now gone to the island to inspect the patient.

Two o'clock. I hear by telephone that the doctor, since his return to Fremantle, admits that the patient is very much better, and is going to re-appoint this fact to the authorities at Perth. I hope, I hope, quickly, as there is just the bare chance of getting out in time, not only to hold the meetings planned for to-morrow, but to make them known.

Evening. My comrades, in the desire to make the heat more endurable, have reconstructed by hand, and fixed the Army colors on the top. They took care to see the report waiting for him there. On finding that the officer of health had arrived at the decision that the disease was not small-pox after all, the Commandant went off with him to the Colonial Secretary and got permission for the quarantine to be declared off, and for our leaving on Sunday morning. This was Saturday night at nine o'clock. I at once decided to do the three most important things of the day. When the Commandant got out the band, issued bills, burnt colored lights, and created a general commotion to make them known.

Sunday, 26th.
By 5 a.m. the Commandant was at our gate with three conveyances, by 9 a.m. we were in Fremantle, and by 11 a.m. I was in the Town Hall at Perth, declaring "all things are possible" to an audience that nearly filled the building.

My reflections on the incident are: 1. That the quarantine institution is a vexatious infliction on those called to suffer it—a relic of a by-gone age, and one that will be forgotten in the great maritime nations. 2. That it fails to accomplish the object for which it exists. If an individual can have the disease in his system twenty-one days before he is allowed to leave the island, and then, after being permitted to have any contact with the inhabitants, 3. That where the quarantine usage prevails, men who know small-pox when they see it should be appointed as advocates of health, and when any difference of opinion prevails amongst the medical men, as in our case, other independent and competent persons should be designated to decide the question before coming to a final decision.

Morning. The congregation, for number, was a surprise to all. Many of necessity only a few people know of our being at liberty, and Perth is pre-eminently a city of suburbs. However, the body of the hall was three-parts full. God was very good, and the hall was so full that the men who have important engagements, to such an experience as our confinement proved to be.

Afternoon. Crowded out, and eleven forward. Evening. The hall could have been filled three times over. God helped us, and we were able to get out. Twenty-five surrendered, and there was great rejoicing.

Monday, 27th.

Met the representatives of the two daily papers in Perth at 10 a.m., and endured a species of cross-examination on my doings and purposes, and that of the Army generally, and held the 11.30 train for Fremantle. I am through the heat and sun, but I am to get a little better accustomed to it as the time goes on.

Afternoon. The chief ministers of the city met me at the Town Hall, and gave me a welcome, and the waiting was not a very exhilarating affair. Still I hope someone was benefitted.

Evening. Town Hall crowded out. Freached with a great deal of liberty city, and the telephone whether the General would object to having liquor on the table. "Most certainly," was the reply, consequently the toasts to

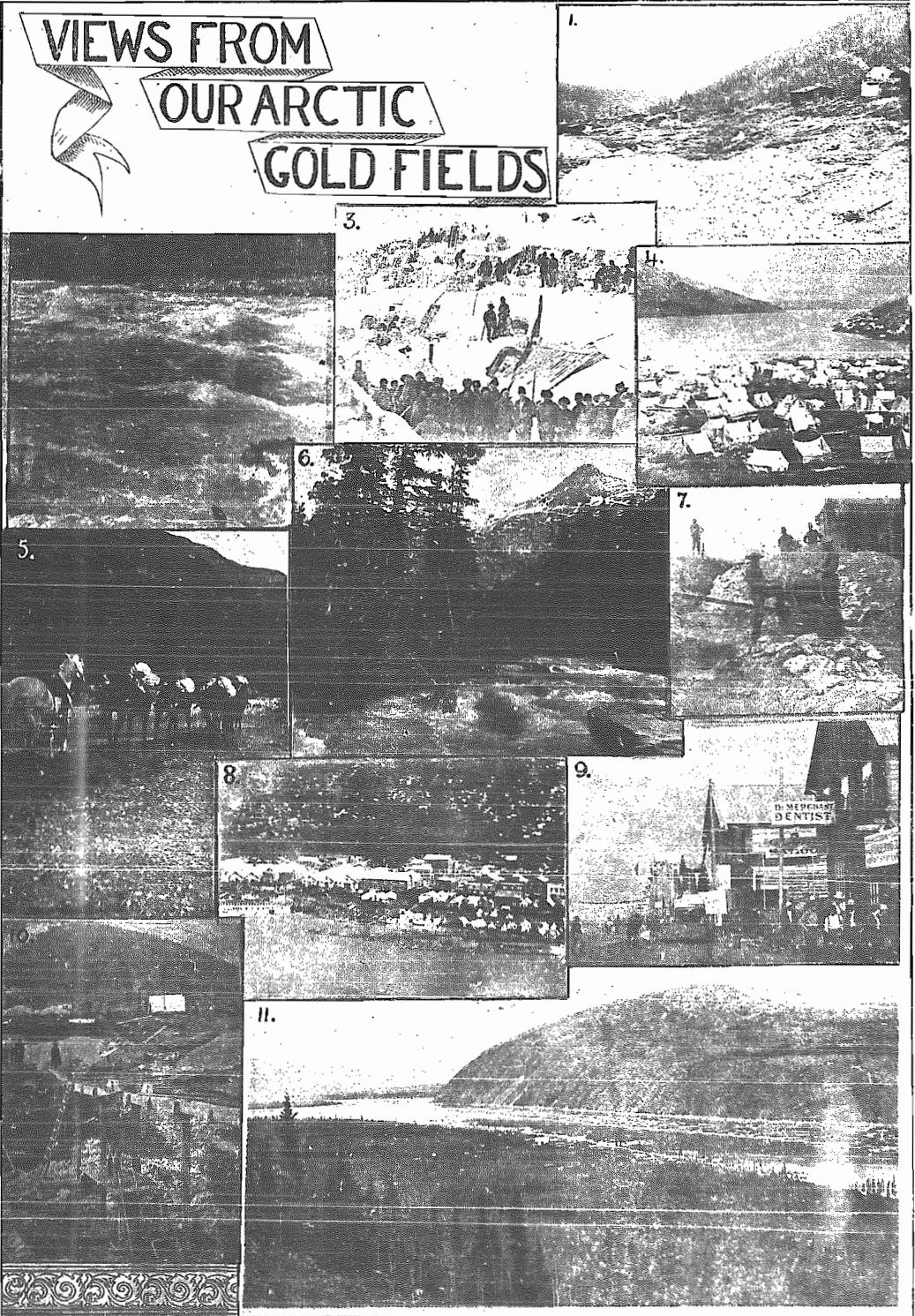
Tuesday, 28th.

Back to Perth by the 8.30 train.

Twelve. Met by invitation the City Council to receive a welcome to the city, and the telephone whether the General would object to having liquor on the table. "Most certainly," was the reply, consequently the toasts to

(Continued on page 4.)

VIEWS FROM OUR ARCTIC GOLD FIELDS



1.—View of a Creek After Being "Worked Out." 2.—White Horse Rapids. 3.—Summit of Chilkoot Pass, when we passed it (June, 1898). 4.—View of Lake Lindeman. 5.—Packing from Summit of Chilkoot Pass. 6.—Scenery Between Canyon City and Sheep Camp. 7.—Cleaning Gold from the earth by the "Rocking" process. 8.—View of Dawson City from the Yukon River, showing landing and warehouse (1898). 9. Main St., Dawson City (summer, 1898). 10.—"Sluicing." A process of washing gold out on a large scale. 11. Dawson City in the Fall (1897).

Financial Secretary's Siftings.

The past few weeks have been very eventful in this department, and many changes have taken place, in fact the Department has just been re-organized, and in future "Your Humble Dust" is responsible to the Commissioner to see that it is made a success. The Auxiliary and the Light Brigade work have also been transferred to this Department. Mrs. Smeeton, who has so nobly conducted the latter, takes over another branch of work.

AUXILIARIES.—The General Secretary, who has been responsible for this branch heretofore, has just sent out a nice, neat little pin to each Auxiliary and the new "Pass" has also just been sent. These are very nice, and some of our Auxiliaries have already written telling how much they like them and that they will be pleased to wear the pin to show their connection with the good work of the Army. Others have written very encouraging letters telling us at the same time the blessings they have received through giving of their substance to help to bless others. What a lot are missing this blessing because they don't!

DISTRICT FINANCIAL SPECIALS.—In addition to Adj. Wiseman, who has had the oversight of the Toronto and Hamilton Districts, Ensign Pugh has just taken charge of the same work in Montreal, Ottawa and Quebec, and Ensign Cummins goes to the B. C. District in the same capacity.

Josh Billings' Jottings.

There is a grate menny folks, of good moral karakter, who won't believe any thing unless they can see it; these kind of folks are always the enzyest to cheat.

They won't believe a rattle snake's bight is poison until they tri it. This kind of informashun alwus kosts more than it is actually worth.

A home that is filled with contrashun, is the devil's levee.

About the meannest eritter there is now travellin around loose, on the breast of the earth, is a bashful hypocrite.

The biggest plod in this world hasn't been born yet; there is plenty of time yet.

A man don't alwus grow wize as he grows old, but he alwus grows old as he grows wize.

A petted child is like a hile that won't come tew a hed.

I hope I shall never have so mutel reputashun that I shan't feel obliged to be alwys civil.

In munny, interest phollows the principal; in morals, principle often phollows the interest.

Yu will notle one thing—the devil souldm offers to go into partnership with a busy man, but yu will often see him offer tew fine the lazy man, and furnish all the kapital.

Curiously hnd twis—one was Invenshun and the other was Stiek Yure Nose Into Things.

Sum people are good simply because

Wreck and Rescue.

By MAJOR BAUGH.

A WRECK is an awful thing, whether at sea, on the railway, or a human wreck; and a rescue of any kind, from danger and death, and especially from sin and hell, is just as grand and glorious as the wreck is awful.

Not long ago a fine boat was plunging its way from England to America, but in the darkness of the night they went out of their course, and just as the Cornish coast crashed upon the rocks. The boat that but a few minutes ago was sailing on its way so beautifully, now lies helpless on the rocks. The damage is serious—the begins to fill and sink—the lights go out—the passengers beg to be saved, and weep and pray—the confusion is better imagined than written. I saw afterwards one of the life buoys used by some poor soul; the way it was tied showed how the person who used it had fastened it on anyhow, just so that it would keep them afloat. They do not stop to ask, "What is the way to be an orthodox knot?" And when the person was got to shore, dead or alive, they had cut the cord. A woman, as the boat was sinking, clung to the rigging, and held on there, wet, and cold, and hungry, for hours. At last the life boat came out, but was unable to get near the wreck, as the waves were too high, and it was blowing over the mast, as if they were gloating over the hundred and odd victims that they had already buried in the wreck below and round about it. Finally a rope was thrown to the woman. She shouted,

"I am Prepared to do Anything You Bid Me."

At a favorable moment the Captain of the life boat shouted "Jump!" And without a second thought the woman sprang from the rigging into the raging waters, was soon hauled safely up to the life boat, and was saved.

I was in Canada when that sad accident took place at St. George, Ont. A train, running at the rate of about 45 miles an hour was just coming out to that high bridge, when something went wrong with one of the wheels of the engine, which let the engine drop onto the sleepers. Instantly the line was ripped up and one car dropped from the bridge into the valley, sixty feet below. Windows, lamps, seats, and the car were generally wrecked. The dining car came next and one fell, while the other end was propped up against the bridge. In this car many were getting dinner when the smash came. Many were killed on the spot; others were fastened in amongst tables, seats, stoves, and were all more or less wounded or killed.

In the first car which fell from the bridge was a young lady who, on finding that she was in a dangerous spot, at once set to work to rescue those who were hurt, and even pulled off her clothing and made bandages to bind up the wounds of her less fortunate fellow-passengers. This was beautiful of her, but all round us everywhere are those who have become wrecks socially and spiritually, and God has provided a way enough to save them all. Thousands lie wounded and dying by the wayside to-day. There is, in Jesus, a balm for every wound and bandages enough for every poor, suffering soul.

Thank God for all who have heard the good news and are saved to-day! Thank God for our Rescue Homes, which have saved thousands from lives of misery, and are still tolling on! Thank God for every officer and soldier, who is seeking to save the lost! But

The Boat is Going Down.

'Thousands are in the grip of the waves of sin. Help! Help! The train has gone over the bridge; thousands are wounded and dying! Help! Help! Help! Somebody's father, author, boy or girl is in need of a rescuing hand! Throw out the life line across the dark waves! Remember there is no reward due for being saved yourself, unless you are saved by Jesus, but there is a glorious reward for those who, when saved themselves, set about saving others. Now, ask yourself, "How can I help?" Perhaps by giving your voice, or your pen, or your hand. Amen! Give God your answer.

WARRIORS WEEKLY WITNESS BOX

BROTHER ANDREW WALSTROME, OF REVELSTOKE, B.C.

Early Struggles—Cabin Boy—Sin—Marriage—Death—Despair—Canada—Wounded—Salvation.

I was born of Danish Protestant parents in 1857, in one of the seaport towns of Denmark. My surroundings were very poor, caused by my father's life of drunkenness. He died when I was a year old, and my mother was compelled to apply to the country for support. At the age of 12, my mother married again, and one year later passed away to meet her Creator. Home now being a place of peace of misery, instead of comfort, as before; and at the age of 14 my stepfather turned me out on the world for not complying with one of his requests. My mother, who had me for me in found me a position as cabin boy on a Danish steamer, plying between England and Denmark. Here I was soon initiated into the vices of evil, especially gambling. When my mother returned to the town of my birth, a proper, good gambler, and

A Miserable Wretch Besides.

I was taken to the Odet school for three years' tuition, and left as Color-Sergeant in the Infantry. I was married at the age of 22. I did not enjoy my dear wife's presence long. Two years later she left me for the Golden City, and I had two dear little ones to take care of. My sister kindly offered to take and adopt my little girl and boy. I was very much in despair and almost tired of life for some time after, endeavoring to live a Christian life, as I had promised the dear one who had gone. I tried in my own strength, making a miserable failure. I soon began to drift. Becoming reckless, I resigned military life and sank deeper into sin, leaving all my friends, even my dear sister who had so kindly cared for my children. In order to escape punishment from the court of justice, I came to Canada in the early part of 1884. I landed in Quebec, where I found work through the Emigrant Agency as farm laborer some miles out of town. Shortly after I came West to Manitoba, and in order to try and bury my troubles and anxiety, I enlisted as a volunteer under General Wolsey. While in action at Bay St. Paul

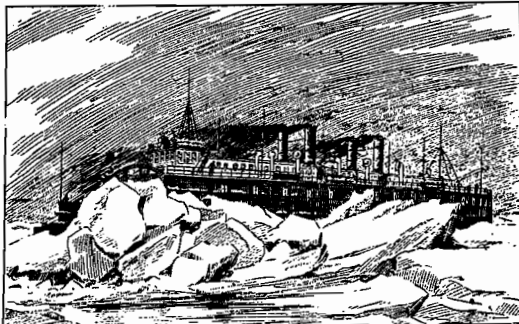
I Received Two Severe Wounds, being shot through the right leg and right shoulder. After a short illness I started to work again.

During the year 1883 I was attracted one evening by the sound of the Army march. I followed them to their open-air meeting, in particular I didn't venture to the barracks doors for some time. At last I became so interested that I was a regular attendant which only brought me more condemnation to my soul. I still was going down to ruin, gambling and betting, losing nearly all I had. One night in an Army meeting, after a great deal of praying, I made my way out to the front.

A Sweet Peace Entered My Soul.

All was right with my Saviour. I was enrolled as a soldier in the Selkirk, Man., 1880. During the summer of 1887, through allowing my temper to get the best of me, I lost hold of God, going deep into sin again. One day, however, my life turned everything for peace to my soul, but all was in vain. At last, on Christmas night, 1888, I found myself in the Army meeting again, at Revelstoke, B. C., where I started again for heaven. Praise God! I am now enjoying peace in my soul, and I'm going to meet my dear wife in heaven.

"Wonderous truths, and manifold as wondrous,
God hath written in the stars above;
But not less in the bright flowers about us
Stands the revelation of His love."



Mackinac Gun-Ferry Ice-Breaker, Going Through Three Feet of Ice.

We welcome you, comrades, and pray for your success. There will be others later on.

TRAVELLING FINANCIAL SPECIALS.—Ensign Perry, of Eastern Province fame, after three years in charge of the work there, goes to New N. W. O. P., takes charge of the East, and Ensign Burrows, late of Toronto Shelter, fills the place made vacant by the travelling of Ensign Andrews, and in future will look after Lazarus in the C. O. P. Welcome to our ranks, Ensign. The old title of Provincial Agent has been dropped and the new one of Travelling Financial Special takes its place.

LOCAL AGENTS.—The latest additions to our staff of Local Agents are: Bro. Israel Forey, New Glasgow, N. S.; Sisters Curtis and Orth, of Portage la Prairie; Sister Gunderson, Grand Forks, N. D.; Sister Hanson, Hillsboro, N. D.; and Sister Rootes, Windsor, Ont. We extend to each a hearty welcome, and pray for their success in their new work, and are believing for many more.

More again.—T. H. C.

THE WORLD'S HIGHWAY.

To those who think of travelling we would like to call special attention to the fact that we can secure tickets for all the Canadian Lines on no very favorable terms. For full particulars apply to MAJOR BAXTER, 8 Temple, Toronto.

they are tew lazy tew be wicked, and others, because they haiaot got a good chance.

I think the honesty ov men is oftener the effect ov policy than principle.

NORWAY.

A very interesting examination of nurses for the slum work was held by Mrs. Secher Leth in the presence of Surgeon Kjaer, of the Commune Hospital, and representatives of the Press. The sisters showed themselves very skillful. A short speech was made by Col. Richards explaining this work, and showing results made within the last six months. They are very satisfactory. The Press speak very warmly in support of the slum work.

At a meeting lately held by Colonel Richards a lot of Cadeis were mislabeled. At an appeal made by the Colonel, 27 more stood up to take the places of those who were going out in the Field.

1,200 poor were fed in Christiania the 22nd Feb.

The work among the slum children has commenced. Sunday School is held on Sunday and working school on week days, where the slum sisters teach the little maids to iron, sew and patch.

The German Young Soldier which lately was a year old, has a circulation of 2,000 copies.



Weekly Watchword:

What You Do, Do Well.

Daily Tonic.

SUNDAY.

Diligence for Earth and Heaven.—
Luke xv. 8-10.

What infinite trouble people will go to in order to recover earthly treasure! What money is spent to bring back money! What time, anxiety and zeal is put into the effort that means adding to the worldly store! Yet how little interest, thought and pains are spent over making the soul richer in heavenly things! Set store by your spiritual treasures, and if you lose one gem search with all your heart until you find it.

MONDAY.

Diligence in Saving the Lost.—Luke xi. 3-7.

If there was not some diligence expended in the search for the Kingdom's lost sheep, all too many of them would never be led into the fold at all. It costs something to the shepherd to follow, and warm and bring them. It cost a life and a death to the Good Shepherd of the sheep and Saviour of the world. But it is over such findings that the joy bells of heaven are set ringing.

TUESDAY.

A Diligent Watch.—Heb. xii. 15.

Oh, the necessity of keeping a diligent watch! What strongholds of God have been spoiled, what citadels of triumphant experience vanquished, all because the soul neglected to watch as well as pray! We should not only look out for ourselves, but watch lest others should show sign of stumbling, that we may, if possible, encourage and hold them before they go down.

WEDNESDAY.

Diligent Preaching.—Acts xviii. 25.

Apollos went about his preaching in the right way. Of course he "mightily convinced the Jews"—people who go about their preaching as if it were the one business of their life and passion of their heart are bound to make a mark on the mind of those who hear them. It is the litany-missy, off-and-on, anything-and-another style that robs Christianity of potency and influence.

THURSDAY.

Diligence in Comfort.—II. Tim. i. 17.

Only once is the name of Onesiphorus mentioned, but with only this reference our respect and appreciation is kindled towards him. He took pains to seek out the despised cell of the sufferer of the Cross that he might carry relief and refreshment there. Would that there were more men to make diligent search after God's children when they are in trouble—there would be less burdens too heavy to be borne, and less heartaches so breaking.

FRIDAY.

Diligence to Know God's Will.—Josh. xxii.

There is all too little diligence even amongst His children, expended on knowing the will of God. Perhaps some are fearful lest to know it more perfectly would mean to do it more perfectly, and they are afraid of some sacrifice which this would involve.

SATURDAY.

Diligence Bound to Bring Iniquity.—Prov. xi. 27.

A man generally gets what he goes after. There are some exceptions, but provided that the whole heart and all the effort is thrown into the search, the object will be found sooner or later. If you make good your mark you will reach it; if you choose evil as your goal you will not be denied it.

Our Weekly Bible Lesson.

John the Baptist.

One of the most remarkable men whose lives are outlined on the sacred page is John the Baptist, the Forerunner of the Messiah. He may be regarded both as the last prophet of the old dispensation and the first of the new. Although the record of him is comparatively scant, and we are given but glimpses of the wonderful character and career of John, yet sufficient light is thrown upon his history to enable us to place him amongst the mightiest men of the ages.

John, as a preacher, was altogether a new style to the people of his age. They had heard of Elijah and the fiery prophets, who had stirred the blood of their forefathers, but their own experience of religious leaders was very different. The chief priests of the synagogue were men who lived in an unchanging atmosphere of conventionality and scrupulous decorum. There is a good deal of evidence to the fact that religion had sunk to a low ebb at this time, and although temples were rich and teachers learned, there was little of definite and devoted heart-reverence for the faith of their fathers.

In such an apathetic age the rising of an enthusiast like John could not but excite wide-spread interest—such self-abnegating zeal and fearless denunciation of wrong amid such selfish ease could not but meet with the end which robbed the world of the Baptist.

As a character John had all those traits which go to make up a leader amongst men. He was self-deny in the extreme. His hardy nature and determined will had learnt to do without the luxuries which most men

of his time would have counted necessities. This is an essential qualification of a great moral teacher. The more he can do without, the more leverage he has over the minds and consciences of others. We can hardly imagine anything more simple or economical than the diet of locusts and wild honey, the dress of camel's hair and the homeless abode in the wilderness, which made up the environment of this great man.

The second strong trait in John's character was the definiteness of his teaching. He denounced sin and declared for righteousness with the decision of a hero, and whoever his auditors, had the courage to give utterance to his convictions. Whether it was the poor sinner who had followed him to hear his wayside sermon, or the Kingly transgressor, clothed in the purple of the Jewish throne, John's message was plain and unconditional. "repent." If there were more men to array the armour of a fearless tongue on the side of goodness, there would be more trembling along the lines of wrong.

John's third strong point was the unvoiced usefulness of his preaching. The "never mind me" spirit was never absent from his speech. He never sought to make the impression that he was the centre of his teaching's attraction. All through he tried to make clear to those who followed him that he was but a "voice," a preparer, and that the work he did was but the earnest of One Whose ministry should follow his.

It was at the hands of such a man that our Saviour received the symbol of baptism, the outward sign of His commencing ministry. To only such

a spirit could God have given so great an honor.

More men of the same stamp are what the world wants to-day—daring, desperate, devoted exponents of the cause of the Cross. God send them!



THE GATES OPENED

And Brother Harding Left this Prison of Clay and Entered the Mansion of Light.

Bro. Geo. Harding, of Pike Bay, was promoted to the ranks above on Wednesday, March 16th.

Our comrade was converted about seven years ago in Wiaton corps, and from that time until his death he remained a Blood-and-Fire Salvationist. Only once in that seven years was he heard to say the light was so tough he was tempted to give way, but in that hour of great darkness he trusted the promise, "In six troubles I'll be with thee, and in the seventh I will not leave thee," and like all faithful warriors who obey the command of their God, he fought and conquered, and though suffering most intense pain, he would sing continually:

"Oh, for a faith that will not shrink."

Just before he passed away he exclaimed to his brother, "Wait, brother until I open the prison door," and with those words he went left his house of clay. Both converted and unconverted speak in the highest terms of our dear comrade. His last wish was that he should be buried in the Army, and although it was a long, cold drive of 35 miles, Ensign Smith and her Secretary went to perform the funeral service. He was buried in full uniform, and at the memorial service which was held at night, the church was crowded, and his dear old mother arose and said, "Although I've been a backslider for a long time, from to-night I'll serve my God."

He leaves to mourn his loss his aged parents, two brothers, and seven sisters. The bereaved ones have the sympathy of the community in this their time of sore trial.—Dann McPhee, Sec.

DIED WEARING HER BONNET!

At Her Post that Same Night—A Truly Remarkable Promotion.

A warrior has fallen, and right keenly we feel the loss of one who was even at her post the same night she was promoted. She was at the meeting in a good health. On arriving home she rested in a chair; then calling her loved ones to her side, she said, "Good-bye."

I am Going to Glory Now."

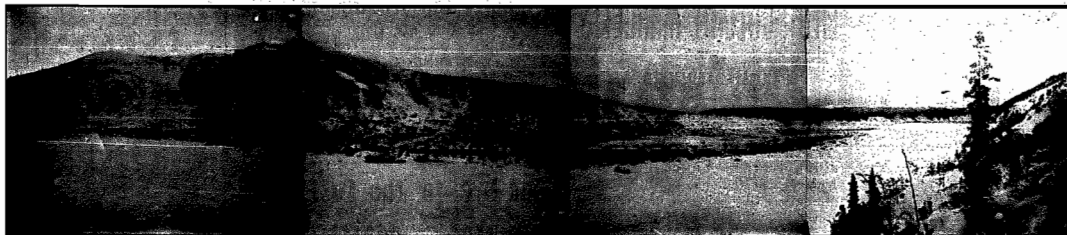
and then the warrior's spirit took its flight to the mansion above. Last Thursday was the day of rest for the funeral. We used the loan of a much larger building than our own for the funeral service, which was filled to its utmost capacity. Capt. Sheard conducted the funeral service and also sang, "When the roll is called in heaven." The crowd was completely melted down. Such a meeting I never witnessed before. At the close of the service the entire crowd filed past the casket and viewed for the last time all that remained of the uniformed warrior. She wore her full uniform, even the new bonnet which she had only bought ten days before.

She Died in It,

and by special request of her beloved husband, who is not a Christian, was buried in it. Fully four hundred filed past the casket, and those who had been her comrades in life left in line outside, and through the main street we wound our way. Many, many were the eager eyes strained to catch a last glimpse of one who had died so nobly. Sunday night we held the memorial service and a beautiful crowd was present. Oh, who will fill the gap made by her death? Who will?—Lieut. Jones, for Captain Sheard.



"John seeth Jesus coming unto him, and saith, Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world."



VIEW OF DAWSON.

Klondike Nuggets.

Ensign Bloss is the one to paint signs—he has just completed a magnificent one for the Shelter which reads, "Food and Shelter and Free Labor Bureau."

Last night (Sunday) another large crowd congregated in the dance-hall, loused to us free of charge. Salvation truths hot and strong! Meetings in the barracks also very successful.

All back mail just arrived. Thousands taken from the Post Office every day, and the officials of the latter are doing remarkably well in distributing it.

Our Treasurer's (Mrs. Bell, our first convert) cabin on Bear Creek, was burned down this week with all his clothes, saving only a little food. He says the Lord knows best, and is very cheerful.

We are going to have our pictures taken for the cinematograph. We shall have to have everything going in full swing.

It has been found that what is termed "red-rock" contains much more gold than the loose gravel, etc. The formation of quartz seems to offer vastly from any found in any other part of the globe.

I guess the dogs will hail spring with delight. Poor things!

Last Thursday, going from the meeting, a man had a vision, as a result of which he got wonderfully saved. No trouble to get him on the march or to testify. He was first awakened in the cabin meetings, of which we have three weekly, in addition to the corps meetings in the barracks, etc.

Coal has been found near Dawson.

Had two splendid cases of conversion last week.

The party as a whole are all well saved and happy.

The Northern Tichis are re-appearing as spring approaches. During the dark season they were not seen.

Nineteen persons during last two weeks have been found permanent employment through our Free Labor Bureau in Dawson.

We still get it 40° and 45° below zero, but during mid-day the weather is quite moderate.

A large dance hall has been placed free at our disposal on Sunday afternoon. We accepted the splendid offer. It was packed to excess with about four hundred persons. Actors, etc., filled the boxes and front seats. One gentleman came to the platform and said he would double the collection, what ever it might be. The total offering amounted to about \$40, which was spontaneous and taken up by two outsiders. We had, therefore, two good meetings in full swing—one there and the other in the barracks.

F. M.

Gossipopolitan Proverbs.

He that sows well reaps well.

To a good spender God is Treasurer.

Evil is soon done, but slowly mended.

Truth's cloak is often lined with lies.

Slander expires at a good woman's door.

Good corn is not reaped from a bad field.

Late repentance is seldom worth much.

An evil deed has a witness in the bosom.

Kind words don't wear out the tongue.

He that sows iniquity shall reap sorrow.

Speech is the gift of all, but thought of few.

The early sower never borrows of the late.

Sow good works and thou shalt reap gladness.

Hasty speeches commit men to foolish courses.

The other side of the road always looks cleanest.

Between saying and doing there is a great distance.

A man's character reaches town before his person.

He that stays in the valley will never get over the hill.

He that speaks truth must have one foot in the stirrup.

The virtue of the Divine Spirit illuminates everything.

A concealed spark is more to be feared than an open fire.

Sail while the breeze blows; wind and tide wait for no man.

Wise is he who can take a warning by the mishaps of others.

Never sit talking till you do not know what to talk about.

As a vessel is known by the sound whether it is cracked or not, so men are proved by their speeches, whether they are wise or foolish.

Brigadier Complin Conducts a Noon-day Meeting.

Brigadier Complin, assisted by Staff-Capt. Manton and Capt. Bloss and Arnold, led a noon-day meeting on Friday last in Christie's Blacit Factory.

The meeting was of most interesting character. The solos by Brigadier Complin and Staff-Capt. Manton, as well as Capt. Arnold's selections on the violin, were enjoyed immensely by the employees who had gathered in large numbers.

The Brigadier strongly urged the listeners, who from morning till night are engaged in making the bread which perisheth, to partake of the Bread of Life.

What know we greater than the soul? On God, and God-like men, we build our trust.

Oh, wad some power the gifle gie us, To see ourselves as others see us! It wad be muckle a blunder free us, And foolish notion!

What airs in dress an' gait wad len'e us, And e'en devotion.

Soul-Saving in the Klondike.

Soul-saving in the Klondike is rather a difficult problem; nevertheless souls are awakened and saved even here, and why should it not be so?

I might mention one or two reasons why it is hard to get men and women to decide for God up here. The first and foremost is that the majority of people came with the intention of making a fortune, and doing that in a hurry, therefore leaving out of their calculation religion altogether.

Another reason is that the devil told even those who had been professing Christians that there would be no churches here, let alone the Salvation Army, so they left their good clothes at home, and use this as an excuse.

Then there are the backsliders. Someone told us three or four hundred professing Christians alone left one city to come here, and naturally we wondered where they were. We asked from time to time for them to come forward out of the crowds in the open-air during the summer. Thank God some did come out and stand by the cause. We found out later where the majority were, as from time to time through the winter they would testify as to having left their religion on the "trail" when coming in, and that through our meetings they had been led to reconsecrate themselves to God. One of the most familiar testimonies to be heard now is: "Although I may go back to my wife and friends, etc., disappointed, as far as getting gold is concerned, yet this trip in here is worth more to me than all the gold in Klondike, as I am going out a better man in Christ Jesus."

Then, there actually were the Salvationists, the worst of all, with their uniforms hidden away in a box or trunk and their God denied. But, number be to God, those also are coming home and shouting, "Hallelujah!" at the same time putting on their uniforms.

We have had quite a number of converts, and we are making some into soldiers. It is about two of our latest converts that I wish to give the following particulars:

The first of the two came boldly out to the penitent form on Sunday afternoon. This man walked ten miles down from his mine, for no other purpose than to get saved. He had been so troubled that he could not rest; but, praise God! he had not been many minutes at the Master's feet before rest came to his weary soul, and he walked back to his mine humbler than the man who comes down now and then to replenish his stock of pork and beans or dried apples.

The other is a man who has been attending church for years, and was so blinded by doubts that he used to scorn at the confining Methodists and shouting Salvationists, but through attending some of our cabin meetings he was led to see that something more was needed than what he had, and so he gradually was being thawed out. Even then he was so filled with his doubts that it seemed almost impossible for him to believe, no matter how clear we tried to make it to him. But on Wednesday night he came in with smiles on his face, saying how that God met him on the trail as he was going home and illustrated him so clear was his salvation that when he got home he found so filled with his praise God heartily all night in his cabin, and is now going to his neighbors' cabins telling them the glad news.—F. R. B.



THE FAREWELLING CHANCELLOR OF THE EAST ONTARIO AND QUEBEC PROVINCE.

Staff-Capt. Rawling is an old officer and has been with Brigadier Bennett in his two last appointments, as Chancellor; previous to it, he was Assistant Trade Secretary at T. H. Q. Mrs. Rawling came out of Paris, Ont., a little corps which has furnished quite a number of officers to the Field. She has had a long and successful career as a Field Officer. Three children complete the family circle.

GAZETTE.

Promotions and Appointments—

Lieut. Smith, of St. John II., to be Captain at Annapolis.
Cadet Fudge, of the Fredericton Training Ground, to be Lieutenant at North Head.

EVANGELINE C. BOOTH,
Field Commissioner.



Our Veteran General.

In this issue we publish, on pages two and four, the General's Journal, in which he personally describes his "quarantine" and the first of his Australian meetings, both of which will be of keen interest to our readers. We are all thankful to God for the General's recovery from his attack of illness which at first seemed serious, but of which no alarming traces are now left. God bless the General in his Australian Campaign! Canada, through the Commandant and Mrs. Herbert Booth, and a tribute of Canadian officers, is in a special sense interested in that Territory.

Brigadier Pugmire's Record.

We are pleased to quote a few of the advances made by the Brigadier during his stay in the East.

Since their appointment the Brigadier has travelled 29,810 miles, had 800 seekers after God in his own gatherings, and conducted nearly 600 meetings.

An increase of 414 soldiers, after making up all losses.

Four corps added to the Province.

Junior work improved.

Band of Love organized.

5500 men kneeling at the penitents forms.

To God be all the glory.

The Siege in the East.

The results of the Siege are most satisfactory indeed. The East has gone over their target in the following points:

Sons, backsliders, notorious sinners and drunkards, soldiers secured, indoor attendances, knee-drills, cartridges, open-air attendances, J. S. companies, J. S. company attendances.

Now, let every officer keep, by organization, the ground won.

Come Over and Help Us!

A reliable exchange says that the following countries can be summarized as follows. This reports a great need:

Korea, population 13,000,000, one missionary to every 104,000.

Morocco, population 6,000,000, chiefly Moslems, about sixty missionaries.

Brazil, population 15,000,000, with only 120 missionaries.

The 100,000 Chinese in America, 90,000 unevangelized by the Gospel.

Russia in Asia, population 16,000,000, nothing but a debased priesthood.

Algeria, population 4,000,000, chiefly Moslems, about 22 missionaries.

Why is Afghanistan, with its closed doors and 5,000,000 people, in missionary meetings and statistics, invariably left unmentioned?

LIEUT.-COLONEL MARGETTS

AT
CORNWALL AND OTTAWA.

CORNWALL.

I had an invitation from Adj. Bradley to visit Cornwall on the occasion of the visit of Lieut.-Colonel Margetts. I gladly took the opportunity of being present at this meeting, having been stationed in this town six years ago. As the meeting came on it rained very hard, yet at the time announced for the banquet quite a number gathered. The Lieut.-Colonel presided. The meeting was held in the M. E. Church schoolroom. It was a splendid surprise to find that so many had come through the mud and rain. After some preliminary introductions, etc., the Lieut.-Colonel took hold and was received with most hearty applause. He treated his audience to a splendid song, entitled "The dear old Flag," which had a rattling chorus, "Rally round the standard." It was taken up well. This was followed with a most interesting address, the Lieut.-Colonel clearly showing his powers by utterly impossible it was for us to enter heaven with the least trace of sin upon our garments. The speaker had great liberty and feeling, and held the crowd all the last meeting closed with prayer by the Pastor of the Church and the singing of the doxology.

OTTAWA.

Lieut.-Colonel Margetts had been announced fully a month in meetings, papers, bills and window-cards in the Imperial City, and our expectations ran high for the best of times. Saturday night the Colonel was given a welcome by the corps. The program was varied and pleasing. Sergt.-Major Webber read a happy welcome. The Colonel's words expressed our pleasure in having the Colonel in our midst. The song of welcome, composed and sung by Mrs. Smiley, was very appropriate. The music at the attention of the evening, the address. It was listened to with rapt attention, and deep conviction rested upon the people. The meeting closed and the soldiers had good faith for a high time on Sunday.

Sunday, 11 a.m.—Previous to the Bible reading, a beautiful solo was sung, which brought a sweet influence over the meeting, with the chorus—"I'll follow the Saviour by day and by night, I'll follow the Saviour. He leadeth aright."

The Colonel read from Genesis and spoke beautifully on Abraham. All felt it good to be there. Between the morning and afternoon meeting a poor drunkard was saved.

The Juniors came in for a visit from the Territorial Secretary at 2:30, while the Seniors' open-air was going on. The afternoon meeting went with a swing. We had by this time got very fond of the song, "The dear old Flag," and the Colonel was requested to sing it again. We were all surprised and listening to the two-fold astonishment address. This must have aroused many a soul that had left the Fountain of Living Waters.

At eight we commenced inside at eight. The power of God was felt in a wonderful way from the very beginning; divine union seemed to rest upon the hearts of those present, especially was this so in the Colonel's talk. Every word was listened to with deepest interest. God's word did not return unto Him void, for SEVEN precious souls were soon seen at the Cross. It was a blessed finish. God has the glory.

What shall I say of Monday night? There was a Bridal Banquet announced. Bandsman Langford and Sister Gilbert were the contracting parties, and they did their part well, so everybody says, and the people of Ottawa were glad to see and hear her did well also, and helped us to raise \$40.

Some good advice was given to the bride and the bridesmaids by the Colonel and others, and thus ended one of the happiest, and most blessed three days' campaigns that it has been my privilege to have for a long time.—Adj. Goodwin.

Brigadier and Mrs. Gaskin
AT OLD NO. 1.

SUNDAY EVENING WE HAD THE F. O' WITH US. GOOD TIMES, ATTENTIVE CROWDS INSIDE AND OUT. THEIR VISIT MUCH BLESSED, AND GREATLY APPRECIATED.

Good-Bye to the East.

Brigadier and Mrs. Pugmire Farewell from St. John, N.B.

Tuesday, April 11th, was announced as the final farewell meeting of our beloved Provincial Officers. A large crowd assembled in the Charlotte St. barracks, the platform was packed with soldiers, and we mustered 75 strong in the open air. A number of D. O's were in to bid farewell to their leaders whom they had learned to love and esteem. Adj. Byers opened the meeting. Rev. Mr. Payson, a warm friend of the Brigadier's, who had come from Fredericton to be present at this meeting, led in prayer. Ensign Turpin read an address on behalf of the officers and soldiers of the Province. Adj. Kerr then came forward with another address written by the J. S. Sergt.-Major on behalf of the St. John I. Juniors, which she presented to the Brigadier. Adj. McLean, of Fredericton, had a message from each D. O. in the Province, which he read publicly, at the same time presenting the Brigadier and Mrs. Pugmire with a large frame containing the photo of every District Officer in the Province.

The Brigadier then gave us some statistics of the work during his command, also mentioned the great success the Signal had been. After making up for all losses, the Province stands over 400 soldiers better than it did two years ago; the J. S. work has been coming up leaps and bounds, and has broken out in different parts of the Province, and altogether the work of the Salvation Army in the Province is in a very satisfactory condition.

Little Myrtle sang very nicely, also Brigadier and Mrs. Pugmire and Ernest sang together, "Only to know that the path I tread is the path marked out for me."

Mrs. Pugmire's words of farewell touched the hearts of those present, and the Brigadier spoke with power and earnestness, and three corpses are fished, and three men knelt at the Mercy Seat seeking pardon of their sins.

The meeting finished up with Capt. McElroy, carrying the Brigadier shoulder high around the barracks.

Many were the expressions of regret at the farewell of our leaders, who are loved very much throughout the length and breadth of the Province. Their faithfulness, earnestness, self-sacrifice, devotion and loyalty to the Flag will stand out forever as an example to us, and urge us on to do greater things for God and the Army. May the rich and abundant blessings of God be with them continually, is the prayer of every officer, soldier, and friend of this part of the battlefield—Red Riding Hood.



TERRITORIAL SECRETARY'S TOUR.

LIEUT.-COLONEL MARGETTS

will conduct special meetings at

Montreal 11, Sunday, May 7.
Sherbrooke, Monday, May 8.
Fredericton, Tues. and Wed., May 9, 10.
St. John I. N. B., Thursday, May 11.
Carleton, Friday, May 12.
St. John II., Saturday, May 13.
St. John III., Sunday, May 14.
St. John I. (united), Monday, May 15.
Fairville, Tuesday, May 16.
Springhill, Wednesday, May 17.
New Glasgow, Thursday, May 18.
Moncton, Friday, May 19.

Whereabouts of Financial Specials.

ADJ. T. WISEMAN.

Toronto, April 27 to May 3.

ENSGN PUGH.

Montreal, Thurs., April 27, to Wed., May 3.

ENSGN CUMMINS.

Vancouver, Thurs., April 27, to Wed., May 3.

ENSGN BURROWS.

Kilmount, Thursday, April 27.
Penelon Falls, Fri., Sat. and Sun., April 28, 29, 30.

Cobocook, Monday, May 1.

Cannington, Tuesday, May 2.

Uxbridge, Wednesday, May 3.

ENSGN COLLIER, W. O. P.

Forest, Thursday, April 27.

Martinsville, Friday, April 28.

Leola, Sat. and Sun., April 29, 30.

Rich Rea, Monday, May 1.

Wynion, Tuesday, May 2.

Watford, Wednesday, May 3.

ENSGN PARKER.

Arapur, Thurs. and Fri., April 27, 28.
Perth, Sat. and Sun., April 29, 30.

Kingston, Monday, May 1.

Odessa, Tuesday, May 2.

Napanee, Wednesday, May 3.

ENSGN PERRY, N. W. P.

Minot, Thursday, April 27.

Devil's Lake, Fri., Sat. and Sun., April 28, 29, 30.

Larimore, Mon. and Tues., May 1, 2.

Hannah, Wednesday, May 3.

ENSGN ANDREWS, E. P.

St. John I., Thursday, April 27.

St. John V., Friday, April 28.

Fairville, Saturday, April 29.

St. John V., Sunday, April 30.

Sussex, Monday, May 1.

Hillsboro, Tuesday, May 2.

Albert, Wednesday, May 3.

ENSGN STAIGERS.

Craubrook, Thursday, April 27.

Warner, Friday, April 28.

Ferns, Sat. and Sun., April 29, 30.

Kootenai Landing, Tuesday, May 2.

Kootenai, Wednesday, May 3.

The General's Campaign.

Latest Cable from Australia.

General's Birthday Celebrations in Sydney. Unique address presented by the Commandant. Lieut.-Governor presided. General lunched by invitation with the Cabinet. Premier moved vote of thanks to the General for benefits to Colony. A tornado of joy greets the General's return to Australia. Town Hall crowded for the Reception; five indescribable Salvation meetings; three hundred and seventy penitents! Councils of Field and Staff Officers filled the General with emotion. Brisbane campaign booming. General bears up remarkably.

COMMISSIONER POLLARD.

The General's Birthday Letter.



Y DEAR COMRADES,—

On the 10th of April, by Divine permission, I completed the ordinary term of human existence—three score years and ten. Whether it be or not the good pleasure of my Heavenly Father that I should travel further along the path of earthly life, is hidden from me; but of one thing I am certain, and that is, that the review of the years already gone by affords sufficient material for everlasting praise.

What a life, my comrades, mine has been! The angels above and the men and women around me below have been witnesses to the loving kindness and tender mercy with which it has been crowded.

Times without number His almighty power has been put forth for my deliverance.

The pillar of cloud has been my guide by day, and the pillar of fire by night.

The calamities which I have most feared have never happened. The evils that have been allowed to overtake me have been made to work together for my good.

The Everlasting Arms have been round about me, and my soul has been kept in the hollow of His hand.

Surely seventy years of such amazing love, and compassion, and control are worthy of my heart's longest, loudest, everlasting praise?

When I look back over those years of love and leading, what do I see? Come and join me, comrades, in the retrospect. It interests you, for are not *your* lives, in a mysterious manner, bound up with *mine*? To begin with—

There is the mercy that stopped my journey down to hell, and changed my heart in the days of my youth.

There are the trials and hardships of my early life that so wonderfully fitted me for my after batlings amongst the poor.

There is the gift of my precious wife—a boon beyond all estimation. Think of her saintly life; her heroic ministry; her great usefulness; her beautiful motherhood; the support supplied in her sufferings; her faithfulness unto death; her triumphant promotion to Heaven; and then I go on with my song of thanksgiving—

For the remarkable success vouchsafed to my early preaching campaigns, and the friends they made me for my Army work in after years.

For leading my feet in so mysterious a manner to the East of London—the birthplace of our beloved Army.

For the struggles, and poverties, and disappointments of the opening days of our history, which, though at times almost beyond endurance, were really training us for the mighty victories that followed.

For my precious children and their partners in life, and for all the capable, and devoted, and untiring service they have rendered to the salvation war, for so long a period, in so many different parts of the world.

For the fourteen thousand brave, self-sacrificing officers, who have given themselves, body, soul, and spirit, to the following of Christ and the saving of men.

For the great and increasing multitudes of local officers and soldiers who, with growing intelligence and success, are fighting to-day under the Blood-and-Fire Flag.

For the noble army of pure, heroic women, who, with loving hearts and fiery zeal, are to be found the world over, fighting, suffering—nay, dying—at the battle's front.

For the open doors that have been so marvellously set before us in forty-six different countries.

For the munificent financial help rendered by so many dear friends outside our ranks, some of whom are already reaping their reward on high, while others are still reaching out their generous hands towards us below.

For the hundreds of thousands of souls rescued from sin and hell by the power of God through the agency of the Army.

For the goodly number of these who have already joined the blood-washed multitude before the throne, and for the crowds who are journeying on to meet them from almost every land.

For all the help, instruction, and inspiration the Army has been used of God to render to other religious organizations, and for the vast number of agencies, professing the same objects and using similar methods, that have been called into existence by the influence and example of the Army.

For the remarkable Social undertaking which, beginning with the Darkest England Scheme, has, as an enterprise, proved itself so marvellously adapted for ameliorating human misery, and so gloriously successful in effecting that object as to become a praise in the whole earth, both to Christian and to non-Christian men.

For the rescue already effected of thirty thousand poor lost women from the desolation and darkness that must ever attend, and the endless woe that so often follows, lives of profligacy and shame.

For the deliverance of many hundreds of criminals from the weary, debasing, hopeless bondage of prison life.

For the men whom Satan had transformed, by drunkenness, gambling, fornication, and other forms of vice, into cruel and torturing fiends, who are now tender husbands, loving fathers, good workmen, excellent neighbors, and, generally speaking, true lovers of mankind.

For the thousands of homes, that were not so long ago little hells, but which are now miniature heavens.

For the myriads of children who, delivered from a future of certain debauchery and destruction, are now being trained for soldiers of Christ.

For the turning towards us of the hearts of so many of those filling positions of authority and power in the world, and for the hopeful beginnings made by the governments in the direction of subsidising the work.

For the remarkable organization of the Army, with its Christ-like objects and its Divine system of discipline, order, unity and self-management, and for its extraordinary success.

For the magnificent confidence with which the movement looks into the future, evidenced by the glorious Century Scheme, and the promise thereby given that the Army is going to do its share, at least, in redeeming the coming age from the domination of hell.

For the pure, beautiful affection the Army entertains, through every rank and in every part of the world, for its General, and the unchanging trust it reposes in him, increasing, as it does, from year to year.

For all these sovereign, undeserved mercies, too numerous to be calculated by any human arithmetic, too heavy to be weighed by any earthly balances, too high and too deep to be reckoned up by any known measuring line, I want to praise and magnify the Lord on my seventieth natal day.

For the beautiful spirit of love to Christ and of compassion for the lost and wretched everywhere growing and deepening throughout our ranks.

For the rapidly-rising army of young people, with their glad enthusiasm for the war, and for the growing host of Naval and Military Leaguers, contending so bravely against such terrible odds all over the world.

For the vast and ever-swelling volume of music and song that has been called forth, and which is echoing round the world urging men everywhere to the whole-hearted service of Jehovah.

For our literature, with its twenty-seven different "War Crys" printed in sixteen different languages, and all the host of kindred publications, together with all the dear toilers who work that mighty engine, the press, together with the crowd of self-denying workers who have contributed so largely in raising the circulation to the remarkable total of fifty millions a year.

For all the agencies dealing with property, and finance, and trade, and law, and education, and accountancy, and a vast number of kindred institutions, and for all the self-denying men and women who work day and night, often largely out of sight, in making them the success they have become.

In this beautiful, blessed task of thanksgiving I ask my comrades all round the world to join; nay, I would that the holy and good of every religious name should assist me. But higher still my ambitions rise. Come, oh ye holy inhabitants of the skies, bring your celestial music, and with your loud-sounding, harmonious voices help me to magnify the Saviour of my soul, the Redeemer of mankind, the God of my salvation, for all the loving-kindness lavished so fully on one so unworthy of the least of all His mercies!

And now, my dear Lord, in the language of one of Thy servants of old, I would enquire, "What shall I render Thee in return for all these benefits?" And with him I would respond, verily, "I will take the cup of salvation, and call upon the name of the Lord."

Yes, I will drink afresh of the Water of Life and Purity, and Peace, and Power, and Sacrifice, and then I will pass it on!

Yes, I will pass it on more freely than ever before to the sons and daughters of despair, the slaves of vice, the degraded drunkards, the gamblers, the ignorant, the helpless, the prisoners, the sick, the dying.

Yes, I will pass it on to the less-favored nations of the earth—to the people who still "sit in darkness and the shadow of death," to the un-reached millions of Africa, and India, and China, and the islands of the distant seas.

Yes, I will pass it on. And you, my comrades, will join with me. Of course you will; and so, in the future as in the past,

WE WILL PASS IT ON TOGETHER!

There shall be more believing; there shall be more love; there shall be more devotion; there shall be more intelligence; there shall be more self-denial. I call upon myself for more; I call upon my officers for more; I call upon my soldiers for more; I call upon my friends for more—more prayer, more personal dealing, more desperate effort, more generous giving. And then, verily, verily, there shall be more honor for our Lord, more response to His Cross, more souls at His feet.

Yes, more souls—many more souls—many, many, many more souls! And this will signify more soldiers, and more fighting, and more victory; and so the reason for thanksgiving shall increase, and the songs and the shoutings shall go on echoing and re-echoing, all alike sounding forth the praises of Jehovah for His unspeakable goodness—to me, to you, to us all, to the poor world we love—all through the countless ages of eternity. And believe me, for the prosecution of the War to the uttermost,

Your affectionate General,

WILLIAM BOOTH.

AN INCIDENT OF THE SPOKANE SHELTER.

Adj. Dodd, Superintendent of the Salvation Army Social operations in Spokane, Wash., is not only running his branch with energy, but is also keeping the spiritual interests of the work well to the fore. He states in a recent dispatch: "Our meetings are indeed being blessed by God. Last night we had a most blessed meeting and one poor brother came to God. He said he did not know much, but he wanted to be good. He said to me, 'I don't know how to pray, but I just come to God like I would come to you if I was hungry.' I told him he was on the right lines. He said, 'I will trust God; He shall be mine for ever.' To-day he is working in our wood yard, the first hard work he has ever done. He has made his living by gambling for years. Pray for him that God will bless him.—C."



Ensign Sims, Platoon, Ont.

or two were bound to say something to God's glory. Then the Major spoke about the greatest miracle ever performed.

We had to hurry from the meeting to catch the car to Galt, and after doing business till one o'clock in the morning, and getting a few hours' rest, and enacting the train next day to London back to endless figures, correspondence, etc., we more than ever realized that Easter could be more profitably spent, both for ourselves and the blessing of others, than getting a new hat or eating Easter eggs.—Scrib.

Saved to the Uttermost.

Saved to the uttermost.

Freed from all sin;
Cleansed by the Holy Ghost,
Made pure within;
Jesus in mercy hath
Made me His own;
Great and abundant love
He hath shown.

No more will I wander
From His dear side;
He, in His fullness, doth
In me abide.
Harm cannot come to me;
I fear no ill,
For Jesus, my Saviour
Abides with me still.

Ever by Jesus' love
Kept day by day,
By power of His might
Never to stray.
No other Friend have I,
None other need;
Jesus alone now is
My Friend indeed.

Oh, wondrous Saviour,
Great is Thy might;
Keep this poor heart of mine
Clean in Thy sight.
Keep my feet firmly fixed,
Never to stray;
Teach me Thy will, O Lord,
I will obey.

E. C. S.

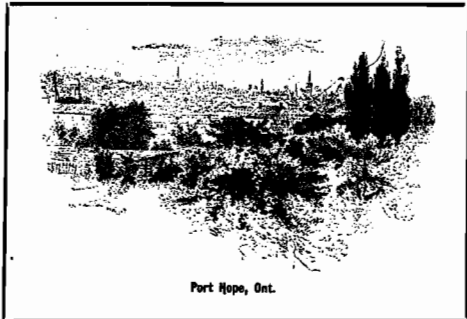
Sacrifice and self-devotion hallow earth and fill the skies.—Lord Houghton.



A View of the Bay of Quinte.

He that cannot see well, let him go slowly.—Bacon.

When the heart is right there is true patriotism.—Berkeley.



Port Hope, Ont.

ADJT. JOST AT WOODSTOCK, N.B.

A Very Successful Week.

I am sure the Field Commissioner and her Secretary for Women's Social Work will be very pleased to hear that Adj. Jost, of St. John, N. B., has had a very remarkable time at Woodstock, N. B. The meetings were as follows: Saturday night reception at the Town Hall. A good crowd was present and much sympathy manifested. Two souls.

Sunday, 11 a.m. one sister gave herself to God.

3 p.m. the Adjutant spoke of "Jail work in St. John." An interesting address that was much appreciated.

8 p.m. salvation meeting at the barracks.

Monday will be remembered as a very stormy day. So much so that the livery men would not venture to take a load of Salvation warriors across to London, Me., for any consideration. We at last secured a cutter and started. It was blowing a blizzard, but on we go. Here we are at Houlton. Thank God! God bless Ensign Ehsary. Meeting in Methodist Church. Parson got sore throat; can't take chair. Adj. Magee must try to get into his shoes. Tight fit. Good meeting. Good address by Adj. Jost.

7 a.m. at station. Engine off track. Train cancelled. Adj. Magee gone home night before. Must hire team. \$1.75 gone (awful!). Got Woodstock all right.

3 p.m. Baptist Church. Women only. Beautiful crowd. Grand meeting.

8 p.m. Advent Church. Mrs. Saunders, of the W. C. T. U., in chair. Ladies said many kind things. Splendid address. Mrs. Dickinson also assisted. Finances good.

Wednesday, 8 p.m., Grafton Hall. Good crowd, good attention. Solos, speeches, etc. Much good done.

Thursday, visited ladies. Secured 12 League members. Forty girls in one factory agreed to contribute regularly to Rescue Work.

7 a.m. Adjutant boarded train. "Love is time," she said. Keep humble, Adjutant. Salvation is better than gold. Keep salvation, but dedicate all gold unto the Lord.—M.

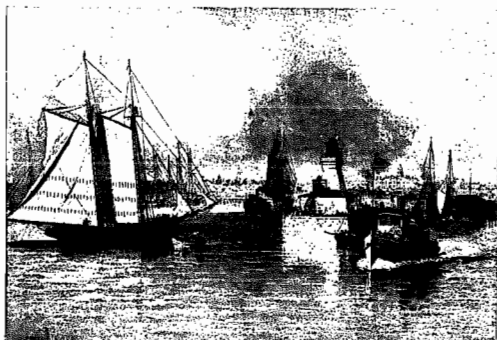
It fortifies my soul to know
That though I perish, Truth is so
That howsoever I stray and range,
I stander still when I recall
That, if I slip, Thou dost not fall.
—Clough.

Know then this truth (enough for man)

Virtue alone is happiness below;
Never elate while one man's oppress,
Never deject while another's blest.
—Pope.

XXXXXX

A Christian can be filled with the Spirit of God only on condition. We must first open our house before the Holy Ghost can come in. A closed door will never be forced. "Open thy mouth and I will fill it." The mouth is a door to the heart. Unless we voluntarily give Him the right of way, He will never enter. The flower must open to the sunlight and the dew and the shower if it is to receive benefit, and the soul must spread its petals and invite the celestial light and dew and rain. The soul must be empty before it can be filled. The man who feels completely pauperized is the man to whom the mint of heavenly coin is open. It is the hungry soul that is filled. Where the soul wants God more than anything else in all the world, there will be a "filling" soon.—S. C. Reed.



OSOBURG HARBOR



Publication Sergt.-Major Perkins and Wife, Barry, Vt.



Central Ontario.

13 Reports—6 Souls—5 Recruits Enrolled.

It's all Right!

AURORA.—A little over two weeks ago we took charge of Aurora. Have found the people kindness itself, and ready to do me anything for us. Have had good meetings, but no souls as yet, but we are believing and praying that we won't have that to say long. The soldiers are just all right.—M. A. Mainland, Capt.

The Children's Treat.

NEWMARKET.—Quite a success was the Junior's entertainment, got up by Capt. and Mrs. Williams. The children handled their recitations, dialogues, solos, duets, and quartettes beautifully. The performance of the "Bridal wine cup" was very effectively rendered. This is the first of the kind rendered in Newmarket. Last Sunday Capt. and Mrs. Williams presented each Junior with a handsome little book, as a reward for attending the Junior company meetings, in which Lieut. Titus is very much interested.—Aux.

A Never-to-be-Forgotten Visit!

DOVERCOURT.—The 3rd of the series of Musical Demonstrations was held in the Dovercourt barracks and was an unprecedented success. 145 persons watched the Juniors of Lisgar St. go through the dumb-bell, bar-bell, and club drills, and listened to the melodious strains of the children's solos. The band also contributed to the success of the gathering by accompanying the drills. Expressions of pleasure were poured into the officers' ears with the regularity of clockwork, and the rounds of applause emphasized the audience's appreciation. God bless the children.—F. O.

Got There all the Same!

GRAVENHURST.—We are still on the winning side. Out to see our cousins Friday, at Sparrow Lake. God came very near and blessed us and gave us two souls. Had quite an experience coming home through the rain. Some of our kind and obliging friends took the trouble about 12 p.m. to go out and fell three or four trees across the road. Nevertheless we surmounted the difficulty and got home all O. K. Good week-end. War Cry's all sold. Crowds increasing greatly.—F. T. R. C.

Two Rejoicing

NORTH BAY.—We are still marching on to victory. Bro. and Sister Bonstedt of Sudbury, have been heartily welcomed to our corps. Sunday's meetings well attended. Last week two precious souls sought the forgiveness of their sins.—Capt. Stephens and Lieut. McLennan.

A Visit from the O. O.

COLLINGWOOD.—Adj't. Cameron was on a visit on Wednesday and Wednesday, which proved a blessing to us all. During the week there were five out for cleansing. The devil is kicking but faith and hard work will conquer.—Willie Clark, R. C.

Boston Baked Beans!

ST. CATHARINES.—Monday night was a success. The Juniors were looking forward for some time for this particular night to come. Everybody on hand but the correspondent. He had to work. Those who had been good and attended regularly were made happy by receiving some beautiful books. Of course there were some with long faces, but if they had thought of that all the way along they could have had the same price. On Thursday was the time baked beans

and brown bread had been announced. Everybody was anxious for the beans. Staff-Capt. Taylor, our worthy D. O. came also. (Glad to see you, Staff-Captain!) We had a crowded house. Everybody enjoyed themselves. St. Klits can say we are clear of debt once more. Hailin! One gentleman said if we got \$35 he would give us \$5. We got the \$5. Sunday afternoon. Mrs. Fox and the Cadet to the front.—Pub. Sergt-Major.

"Matrimonial Muddles!"

RICHMOND ST.—Again we can report victory. We don't take much stock in the saying, "All things come to those who wait," but we are firm believers in the fact that waiting, working, praying, and believing bring results. At any rate that's the way things worked on Sunday. Adj't. Stanton and Staff-Capt. Mantov arrived in the afternoon. A nice crowd had gathered to listen to Staff-Capt. Mantov's lecture on "Matrimonial muddles." Night was the crowning time when, after a hard fight with big devils and little ones, two brothers (backsliders) came, sought and found the Saviour. This made our hearts rejoice.—A. R., Capt.

Not Satisfied in Quite!

AHMIC HARBOUR.—We are not satisfied under. We were hoping the snow would have been gone by this time. Twenty feet of snow fell here this winter and we're three or four feet yet on the ground. Still we push the work. We have victory. The work has been slow owing to such storms, but it has been sure.—Capt. J. Slater.

The Lambs Arrive in Front!

FEVERSHAM.—I spent Sunday by walking five miles with snow up to my knees, drove 13 miles and held three meetings. One brother fired three volleys for Jesus on the afternoon meeting. Monday night was our 1st S. Annual. We had a grand time, one of the best ever spent up this way. The children took a prominent part. The barracks full. \$24 collection—not a bad for a Circle Corps. I am yours to push the J. S. war, C. H. B.

They Liked Music!

WEST TORONTO JCT.—We are still keeping the General's motto before us. "On, on, and still on!" We had with us on Sunday Bro. Ibbotson and his Musical Family. It was quite a treat to hear the music. The band packed and the people were highly delighted, and say, "Come again!" Our crowds are increasing. God is being glorified.—Capt. T. Bloss.

A Feast of Visitors!

YORKVILLE.—Sunday, the 9th, was Brigadier Compilin's farewell. The holiness meeting was led by the Brigadier, assisted by Staff-Capt. McLean, who favored us with one of his solos. In the afternoon reinforcements came.—Staff-Capt. Morris, Adj't. Stanton, Ensign Nellie Griffiths, Ensign Dick Griffiths. The morning meeting was held at the noted violinist. The playing and singing were much appreciated by all. The night meeting was the best of all. The hall was packed, and although no money was taken, we believe that something real was done for the Kingdom. Finances were splendid, \$7 for the day. God bless the Brigadier! All we had were with him! Yorkville was highly delighted.—Wm. Jones, Capt.

A Lively Corps.

HAMILTON II.—Some people might have thought that No. 11 corps was dead, but if the War Cry man could have peeped in last Sunday he would have thought that it was a lively corps indeed. The morning meeting was just a regular feast. In the afternoon we had Staff-Capt. Morris and his music makers, also that "long-distance hooter," Ensign Fletcher, who actually asked for \$10 collection, and got

over \$11. How is that for high? Capt. Clink and Russell are at the helm, and they certainly know something about navigation, for they have paid off about \$20 debt, and will have the corps clear, or know the reason why. Keep your eye on Hamilton II. Mrs. Ensign Atwell with us at night and good crowd.—A. T. R., for Capt. Clink and Russell.

East Ontario.

7 Reports—8 Seniors Saved—5 Juniors 2 Recruits Enrolled—1 Sanctified.

A Would-be Sanctified Captured!

BARRE, VT.—One dear man, 45 years of age, who has been passing through great affliction, got all discouraged, and went and bought a revolver, going home that night determined to put an end to his life. When he got to his room his little boy, three years old, woke up and said, "Hello, papa! Time to get up?" put his little arms round his neck and kissed him and broke him all up and stopped him from taking his life. Next night he was going up the street while we were holding our open-air meeting. The singing attracted his attention, so he came back and listened; then followed us into the barracks, and in the prayer meeting he came out and ended his old life by giving himself to God. Yesterday he drew the revolver in the river. We praise God for another brand plucked from the burning. Four Juniors also got saved. Father Morris gave a very interesting lantern service, "The drunkard's career," to a good crowd at the Band of Love meeting. One of the Juniors saved in this meeting.—Zaccheus.

Victory!

PETERBORO.—We are still rejoicing in seeing souls at the feet of Jesus. The presence of God was felt in our midst on Sunday. We fight in the name of God, and we are sure to win.—Adjt. May Lang.

Three Prisoners Caught!

PRESCOTT.—Glory to God! We are still fighting. The devil is raging, but God's Spirit is working. This week three souls have found pardon through the Blood. Wednesday night our business meeting was a most glorious time, and one soul claimed the blessing. Hallelujah!—Reg. Cor. E. H.

Not Dead—No Indeed!

RENFREW.—Although you may not have heard from us away up there in Toronto, or yet in Ottawa, we still fight on. The devil's kingdom has suffered loss, and souls have got saved. We are still on the S. A. platform. Praise God! God has wonderfully helped us in getting quite a heavy debt off the corps. A musical meeting was also announced in which Arapian officers and soldiers took a prominent part. Result: A full house, finances good, and everybody went away pleased. To God be all the glory.—Treas. M. A. Gillan, for Capt. Comstock.

Bringing Them In!

KEMPTVILLE.—We can still report victory. One volunteer for sanitation on Sunday night. Another on Tuesday night. Both, we believe, are properly saved and will make Blood-and-Fire soldiers.—John H. Burley.

Captain Gave His Life Story!

GANANOQUE.—Lieut. Hunter, who has recently come to assist Captain Crego to hunt the devil out of the town, is getting on nicely. We had a good time on Saturday and Sunday, and on Monday a very good crowd gathered to hear Capt. Owen give a sketch of his life. He started with a few words on the motherly love of an

elephant, which made a great many long faces turn to broad ones. Then came the thrilling life sketch, which made many eyes fill with tears, and some to overflow.—R. W. H.

A Busy Holiday Time!

PORST HOPE.—Big times were expected in Port Hope during Easter. Specials commenced to arrive on Good Friday. Our old friend Johnnie Brokenshire, and Color-Sergt. Sackett, from Fenelon Falls, did us good service. On Monday, officers of the District to the front, Capt. Stainforth and Gross, Lieut. McFarlane and Carter. You may guess it was a high old time in the old town. The string band, composed of three violins and three auto-harpists, took the people. Had you been in Port Hope on Tuesday you might have seen a little man running from the file factory (where we had been conducting a noonday meeting) to meet the train, for Peterborough, which brought Lieut. Colonel Margretts and Brigadier Bennett. These two old warriors arrived and we were glad to see them. The meeting was held in the T. M. C. A. Hall. Soldiers turned out and gave for march and we had a glorious time.—S. Blackburn, Adj't.

Newfoundland.

5 Reports—17 Souls—2 for Sanctification—14 Recruits Enrolled.

A Revival.

BOTWOODVILLE.—God has been wonderfully helping us this past two weeks. We have had the joy of seeing 26 souls coming home. Four came out while we were singing. "We shall be among the angels by-and-by." Soldiers fighting. God bless them.—J. Boggs, Capt.

Heaven upon Earth.

BAY ROBERTS.—Sunday's meetings were attended 11 souls for salvation. On Thursday we had a flying visit from Brigadier Sharp, accompanied by Adj't. Kenway and Newman, also Ensign Boggs. Holiness meetings afterwards, the first for a long time. An enrolment at night, 16 of the Siege converts took their stand under the Blood-and-Fire Flag. Two souls for pardon. 24 souls for the work. On to conquer!—A. G. Brown, Capt.

Thank God for the Siege!

GOOSEBERRY, Nfld.—We are still on the upward grade. God has blessed us wonderfully. I came here on the first day of March, and that same night, before going to meeting, a man sent for me to come and visit him. I went to see him. The first thing he said was, "I want to get saved." So we knelt and prayed and he gave God his heart. We had a good time in the Siege enrolment of soldiers, and also J. S. and Band of love members made.—Capt. J. D. Clark.

The Siege a Success.

CLARENVILLE, Nfld.—Devil kicking. During the Siege we have saved over 24 souls in the Fountain. Sunday God was with us all night. One good case. We give Him the praise and go on.—D. Moulton, Capt.

Two Hard Cases!

SOUTHERN BAY.—I think it is time you should hear from us. Glad to say we found it so on Sunday. During the week we had a case in H. Q. on his return from St. John. Sunday morning holiness meeting was a two-edged sword time. Two out for a clean heart, and at night two of recent converts came in. The place made their way to the Cross, where, after a desperate struggle, they claimed the sinners' Saviour as theirs. Our prayer is, Lord, keep them true.—Herbert Quinton, S.-M.

Pacific Province.

2 Reports—3 Souls.

The Locals Appointed.

MISSOULA, Mont.—On last Thursday night Capt. Bailey appointed a few of the Local Officers of this corps—Sergt.-Major, two penitent form Sergeants, drum-major, Secretary and Treasurer. The rest of the Local Officers will be appointed later on. Good meetings, good crowds, good collections.—J. H. Frost, R. C.

Rather a Warm Time!

NEW WHATCOM.—Since last report three souls in the Fountain. We are still looking for others. It would have done you good to see these dear men whom God had pardoned testifying. We are having a hot time just now. We expect to see many break away from the devil's snare. Good meetings on Sunday. One soul.—Lieut. Jones, for Capt. Sheard.

Eastern Province.

0 Reports—33 Souls—4 for Sanctification.

Victory Again!

WESTVILLE, N. S.—We can report victory here. We have had a visit from our D. O., Adjt. Byers. The meeting was well attended, and before it closed we had the joy of seeing two souls at the Mercy Seat. Since then another has come. More to follow.—Capt. Pittman, Lieut. McLeod.

Brief and Breezy.

AMHERST, N. S.—We had with us Eastern Andrews for a London service, which was good. Capt. Piery and Lieut. Hamilton fared well Sunday. Capt. J. Wilson takes charge.—L. W. II.

Progressing Beautifully!

KENTVILLE, N. S.—We are going ahead. Since last report one soul for salvation and four for sanctification. House to house visitation, and blessed times altogether.—McDonald, Leadley & Hanson.

Not in Vain!

HOULTON.—Good meetings all day Sunday. After our day's work we closed the last meeting with a good case of conversion. We give God all the praise.—Emily White, Corps Cor.

Bravo, Easter Cry!

CAMPBELLTON.—In spite of the many snow storms during the past month the war still goes on. The Easter Cry went like a bomb, Captain selling 120 copies on the street on Saturday, some buying who had not bought one for four years. The twenty extra copies ordered came a long way short of the number wanted, and quite a few were disappointed in not getting one.—W. S., Reg. Cor.

Nothing Doubted!

BEAR RIVER.—Upheld by the strong arm of God we march along. Praise the Lamb Who died for us! Hallelujah! We are able to report victory all the way. We are happy one soul last night, yet we feel that this one soul is worth ten thousand worlds like this. Lord help Thy people to value precious souls as they ought.—Ned.

Never Saw Such Times

ST. JOHN II.—The battle still goes on and we can report victory on every hand. We had a grand one on Sunday. Ensign Turpin being with us. There was a dedication of three children to God, and the meeting closed with ten precious souls at the Master's feet. God speaks peace to every precious soul. The band is getting along splendidly. One of the sisters played out last Sunday for the first.

God Bless the Band!

MONCTON, N. B.—We are still rejoicing over sinners coming to the feet of Jesus. Sunday was a heaven-opener. The God speaks peace to every precious soul. The band is getting along splendidly. One of the sisters played out last Sunday for the first.

A Brilliant Event.

GLACE BAY, C. B.—The event of the week in S. A. circles was the Children's Jubilee on Monday night.

The Junior work has been re-organized by J. S. S. J. McPherson and is going ahead beautifully. There were 20 Juniors on the march on Monday night, and inside the barracks they did credit to themselves and their leader in the rendering of their different songs, recitations, etc. Assistant Manager Johnson moved a vote of thanks to the children and their leader for the evening's entertainment. On Sunday one sister stole a march on the devil, and kneeling down by the seat she got beautifully saved.—Sergt.-Major.

North-West Province

7 Reports—18 Souls 18 Recruits Enrolled.

A Good Reception.

PORT ARTHUR.—We have just arrived. Our welcome meeting was a very nice time, while our first week-end meetings were well attended and a good spirit prevailed. We are going in to see great things accomplished for God.—J. C. H.

Sledge Triumphs.

NEPEAWA.—Booming success of the Sledge. Corps wonderfully blessed, made six soldiers, increase weekly attendance indoors 100, increase open-air attendance 24, increase knee-drill attendance (weekly) 7, ditto J. S. Locusts 2, ditto Band of Love members 13. For all this we give God the glory and march on.—W. Cummins, Ensign.

The Roll Increased.

MOOSEHORN, Assa.—Since last report three precious souls have found Jesus. Tuesday night welcome meeting to Father and Mother Home. Envoiesment of recruits who were much in the great S. A., also a social which went off well. Good Friday one prodigal returned home. Easter War Cry sold out. "Victory!" is our motto.—Lieut. Woodworth, for Capt. McKay.

The G. B. M. Man There.

FARGO, N. D.—God is blessing us. One soul for salvation. Ensign Perry with us. We had a beautiful lantern service this evening, which was enjoyed by a very large audience, many having to stand. We are in for a big time to-morrow and we are praying that God will bless the Ensign.—M. H. S.

Boon Very Busy.

RAT PORTAGE.—Last Wednesday night we had a jam-tart social and special meeting led by Capt. Wilkins and wife. Thursday night fared well to old barracks. Friday afternoon and evening welcome meetings in new barracks. Saturday free and easy meeting, in which the devil showed himself in a bad way who made a great disturbance. Sunday good meetings all day, led by Adjt and Mrs. Gale. Monday night we had a service of song, "Home, sweet home." Singing by the members. "Praise" to say that on Sunday evening, special collection taken up for the purchase of new flag for the corps.—M. E. H., K. C.

Ten Comrades Welcomed.

LETHBRIDGE.—God has been with us during the past week. God has also blessed us in the Sledge. We had our Sledge enrolment on Friday evening when we were greatly blessed by seeing 10 converts enrolled. Our officers and soldiers (God bless them) have stood to their post.—Bert Reynolds, R. C.

Not at All Discouraged.

BISMARCK, N. D.—Had with us Capt. Livingston for two nights, and had a good time. The Captain enjoys himself very much here with us. We had no souls, but hope to see many coming to Christ before long. The people like our music. We shall give five in. More later on.—Alex. Helmsworth, Reg. Cor.

West Ontario.

5 Reports—Several Souls Saved.

Had a Superb Time!

PALMERSTON.—Hallelujah! Things are looking up. On Good Friday we had a commissioning of Local Officers, and on Saturday and Sunday we had Bandmaster Caution, from Wing-

man, who made the devil mad. At 7 a.m. we had a march round the town headed by the brass band. At 3 p.m. band to the front again, and to hear Bandmaster solo was a real treat. He also gave us the and explained how he became converted through the supposed murder of a friend. But Monday night was the crowning time, when we were reinforced by about 25 of the Juniors from Listowel, commanded by Capt. Pynn, and to hear them sing, recite, and go through their drills one would almost think they were in the glory land. Our Junior work is looming up. We welcomed Capt. Pynn to our midst on Tuesday, which will be a great help to our band and Junior work.—Scott Cowan, Treas.

WYOMING.—God lives in Wyoming as well as elsewhere. Since arriving here we have had some good times, our knee-drill being the first for some time.—L. Ringler, Lieut.

Welcome Back!

GODERICH.—Sunday, welcome meetings to Lieut. Hodgson, of Listowel, back to Goderich, his old battlement, to help on the war. Attendance increasing.—J. R. Saurby, Treas., for Capt. Hancock.

A Budget for London's D. O.

LONDON, Ont.—Another week has gone yet not without something being accomplished for God. Easter Sunday was a blessed day. We met on the Market Square at 6 a.m., brass band to the front, and marched around the city playing "Salvator mundi," then back to the barracks for knee-drill.



Our hand boys believe in works as well as faith. They led the way four times on Sunday. Can any other band do that? God has been saving souls, not in great numbers, but the few are coming and doing well. The Easter War Cry went like hot cakes. We disposed of 100 extra copies. People say it's the best yet for 50. The Junior Annual was a good success. The children did well in their drills, recitations, etc. The Sergt.-Major has the Junior work well in hand.—Yours for the salvation of the world, D. F. McCommod, Adjt.

Some are Home Again!

WALLACEBURG.—We are glad to welcome Bro. and Mrs. C. Brown, of Ligar, Ont., Corps, Toronto, and also Lieut. Burrows, who has been home all for some time. The Sledge has been a blessing to us, and also to a number of backsliders who have sought and found peace. The attendance at our sunrise knee-drill was seventeen. We wound up with a march around the town, singing the praises of the Lamb.—W. Peers, for Capt. Fell and Lieut. Burrows.

International Proverbs.

Affected superiority means good fellowship.

Affection is the broadest basis of a good life.

Affection is the wholesome soil of virtue.

Our affection is better than a thousand exhortations.

Reckless youth makes rueful age.

The young are slaves to novelty, the old to custom.

Young men think old men are fools, and old men think young men to be such.

A slimmer's youth is a blunder, his manhood a struggle, and his old age a regret.

Praise Him!

A Nineteenth Century Psalm.

By COMMISSIONER BOOTH-CLIBORN.

I stood upon the ocean shore,
Where waves in thunderous music pour
Their mountains on the golden strand,
And stretch to earth a loving hand.
What was the song their thunders raised?

Let God be praised! let God be praised!

I saw their crests come curling in
As if each first earth's hand would win;

I saw their foam tossed up in spray
And pass o'er rock and land away.
What sang those billows and that foam?

Let our Creator's kingdom come!

I view'd the line where sky and sea
Afar off blend in unity;

From that blue deep, from that blue dome,
I heard the voice of singing come.
Up from beneath, down from above
The song came floating: God is love!

Hoar! roar! ye waves of ocean, roar!
God's praise in thunderous music pour;
O'er all earth's gentle ocean strand
To her stretch out a sister's hand.
Let both in songs of joy unite
And praise your God with all your might!

Flash! flash! ye blinding lightnings
Flash!

And you, ye rolling thunders, crash,
And voice the terror of the Law,
And all earth with its holy awe
And as their echoes die away

Then weep, ye clouds, white earth doth pray!

Weep! weep! ye gentle rain-drops,
Weep!

O'er seedlings which in cold earth sleep,
Until, beneath your quick'ning tears
And summer's sunbeams, there appear

The blade and harvest, to the praise
Of Him Who life from death doth raise!

Sweep! sweep! ye winds and tempests, sweep!

Blow where we list o'er land and deep;
And tell men of the Holy Ghost
That they may call for Pentecost,
That prayer, with tempest force, may rise

And storm the fortress of the skies!

Wave! wave! ye mighty forests,
Wave!

Your crests so stately and so grave,
Your noble branches bend and sway,
Like giant arms which praise and pray.

With all your grand solemnity
Proclaim your Maker's majesty!

Fall! fall! ye fleecy snow-flakes, fall!
And spread o'er earth your pure white pall.

And lead us in each wintry death,
In each bleak trial of our faith,
To trust in God's almightiness
His boundless resurrection grace.

Rise! rise! ye mighty mountains, rise!
In glittering peaks toward vernal skies;
And let the valleys roll along
Their bass notes to your treble song,
Let anthems pour o'er hill and dale,
Let praise run up and down the scale!

Between the mountain and the plain
I stood and listened once again:
From heav'n above, from earth beneath,
From flower and fountain, field and fen,
From nature's myriad voices came
The praise of our Creator's name.

xxxxx

Giving or Following Advice.

Telling another what is his duty is pleasant when learning from another what is his duty. The one is a qualification to ourselves, whether it be so him or not; the other is likely to show us our lack, and should add to our sense of responsibility for better duty. We love to give good advice.

We ought to have pleasure in following good advice, when another gives it to us.—S. R. Times.

Hustlers' Rendezvous.

ONCE MORE THE PROUD ARAB!

Nigger Witnesses the Collapse of His Master!—Shameful Non-appearance of the E. O. P. Mag!—More About that Medal!

We haven't heard the last of that medal: Major Southall, modest man that he is, bears the honor with becoming grace. Here is his message:

"Words fail to express my utter surprise and appreciation of the great honor conferred upon me by the presentation of such a magnificent token of the great feat performed by my trusty steed. His trainers are proud of him, and also of the gallant men and women who have provided suitable fodder for his voracious appetite, and of the kind that has given him sufficient staying powers to outrun his competitors. Again reminding you of my deep gratitude for the great honor conferred upon me, and the costly presentation bestowed, which will live in my memory forever. Yours in deepest humiliation. — "Master of Arab."

But that is not all. We received the other morning a strange-looking parcel which turned out to be a photograph record. It was all in plates, and we were just remarking that it was a shame not to pack the thing more carefully, when suddenly it dawned upon our "domes of intellect" that it was Major Southall's respective presentation of "THE BROKEN RECORD." The Editorial Office fairly shook with laughter, and we had a huge time of it. A note, opened a little later, said:

"I am sending by this mail a package containing a defective article which has been lying around the house for some time. On my present return to the dinner-table, adorned in the elegant decoration referred to in a previous letter—which I need hardly state delayed the usual proceedings of devotion for a while. Mrs. Southall explained to Ethel what said decoration was for. Sometime after dinner Ethel discovered the article sent to-wit, and assigned to it the reason of said decoration—Yours affectionately, Arab's Master."

God bless Arab's Master and all the attendant armies!

Sergeant Major Garland, of St. Johns N.fld., has taken on my present review, and informs us that the boomers of that corps have sold the following Crys during the quarter:

Cadet Gloss	229
Cadet Moore	240
Cadet Hechick	184
Sergt. Simkins	199
Sergt. Wiseman	109
Sergt. Carter	185
Capt. Noel	29
P. S. M. Garland	579

He adds the following note:

"I thank God for our conquering band of hustlers who have never been defeated since we gave the glory, and to God we give the glory, and have to thank our unswayed comrades for buying up the Crys, and they just know how to do it."

A clipping from "Ocean Waves," Brigadier Sharp's highly intellectual publication: "Our worthy Editor and one of his own army are again to great advantage in this week's Cry trying to pull the Newfoundland I. O. from his seat, but I am afraid they find it a more difficult task than they anticipated, as the heavy Scotchesman is not moved about with every wind of doctrine, for he is a thorough believer in the old saying, 'It is not all gold that glitters.' Nevertheless, we are pleased to inform the readers of the O. W. that although our difficulties are many, we are selling more War Crys this winter than ever has been before, as the heavy Scotchesman is for each order. This is out of the ordinary for Newfoundland, when we consider the poverty that is on the Island and such a number not being able to read, are only laboring among 80,000, we think we do pretty fair. We are sorry

the Editor does not see eye to eye with us, but perhaps he has been in ignorance of our position, and run away with the idea that the P. O. is taking a nap."

All right, Brigadier. We will know better in future.

We extend the most unqualified sympathy to the boomers of the East Ontario Province. For three weeks now we have failed to receive from Staff-Capt. Rawling the usual boomers' list. What shall we say of this unbecoming neglect on the part of the Staff-Captain?

WEST ONTARIO.

101 Hustlers.

CAPT. HELLMAN, Brantford .. 245
MES. HUFFMAN, Woodstock .. 227



"Here, everybody, quick! Would you believe it? Major Southall's Arab score 119 Boomers! Indeed, he deserves a medal!"

S.-M. MRS. BOCK, Chatham ..	129
LIEUT. CARR, Windsor ..	118
MRS. ADJUT. HUGUES, Stratford ..	112
ENSIGN OTTAWAY, Guelph ..	110
MRS. DR. GREEN, Midland ..	109
Lieut. Copeman, Seaford ..	95
S.-M. Howlett, Petrolia ..	94
Lieut. Horwood, Petrolia ..	92
Capt. Hoddinott, Stratford ..	89
Capt. Fyfe, Wallaceburg ..	88
Capt. Mary J. Clark, London ..	86
Lieut. Fyfe, Clinton ..	77
Capt. Gibson, Sarnia ..	70
Capt. Cox, Guelph ..	65
Sergt. Bombardier, Chatham ..	62
Sergt. Bond, Wingham ..	62
Capt. Slat, Hespeler ..	60
Lieut. Ringler, Wyoming ..	60
Lieut. Suter, Dresden ..	58
Sergt.-Major McDougall, Goderich ..	57
Sister Schmidt, Paris ..	56
Capt. Mathers, Listowell ..	55
Sergt. Allen, Mitchell ..	55
Capt. Ross, Norwich ..	54
Sister Butts, London ..	50
Ensign McKenzie, Berlin ..	50
Capt. Hollett, Tilsonburg ..	50
Lieut. Winter, Bothwell ..	50
Sergt.-Major Deering, Hespeler ..	50
Sergt. Crocker, Stratford ..	45
Sister McQuinn, St. Thomas ..	45
Sergt. Brindley, Goderich ..	44
Capt. Howcroft, Forest ..	42
Lieut. Stickells, Forest ..	42

Auntie Wright, Ingersoll ..	42
Capt. Lison, Watford ..	41
Sister McCorbin, Leamington ..	39
Lieut. Teasdale, Tilsonburg ..	39
Lieut. Mansford, St. Thomas ..	38
Capt. Boney, Bothwell ..	38
Capt. Freeman, Ingersoll ..	38
Capt. Heister, Clinton ..	38
Capt. McLean, Oranienburg ..	38
Sergt. Gifford, Simcoe ..	38
Sister Grace Crafts, Chatham ..	38
Sergt. Schuster, Berlin ..	38
Mrs. Graham, Thamesville ..	38
Sister Pascoe, Elmhurst ..	38
Sister Hiltz, Blenheim ..	38
Adjut. M.-Ammond, London ..	38
Mrs. Adj. M.-Ammond, London ..	38
Mrs. Ensign McHarg, Windsor ..	38
Sister D. Liebrook, Leamington ..	38
Capt. Pyna, Palmerston ..	38
Sister Thompson, Sarnia ..	38
Lieut. Barton, Sarnia ..	38
Capt. Hays, Bayfield ..	38
Sec. Mrs. Harris, London ..	38
Lieut. Baird, Thorndale ..	38
Lieut. Pickle, St. Thomas ..	38
Bro. Benn, Wallaceburg ..	38
Bro. Ellis, Sarnia ..	38
Ensign McHarg, Windsor ..	38
Sergt. F. Palmer, London ..	38
Sergt. Mrs. Broadwell, Kincardine ..	38
Bro. Christopher, Dresden ..	38
Lieut. Jordan, Oranienburg ..	38
Adjut. Coombe, Brantford ..	38
Sister Coppins, St. Thomas ..	38
Sister McQuinn, Blenheim ..	38
Lieut. Thompson, Leamington ..	38
S.-M. Mrs. Voe, Ingersoll ..	38
Ensign Orchard, Palmerston ..	38
Lieut. Crawford, Bayfield ..	38
W. Harvey, Harrison ..	38
Ensign Scott, Galt ..	38

Ensign Fox, St. Catharines ..	38
Cadet Harman, Richmond St. ..	38
Mrs. Herbert, Lindsay ..	38
Mrs. J. Wiggins, Lindsay ..	38
Ensign Wyman, Riverside ..	38
Capt. Bloom, West Toronto Junction ..	38
Capt. Darrach, Oshawa ..	38
Capt. Culbert, Oshawa ..	38
Lieut. Kirell, Owen Sound ..	38
Capt. Stephens, North Bay ..	38
Lieut. McLennan, North Bay ..	38
Capt. Stolliker, Riverside ..	38
Capt. Sherwin, Sudbury ..	38
Lieut. Boyd, Sudbury ..	38
Cadet Cartwright, Richmond St. ..	38
S.-M. Hunter, Newmarket ..	38
Bro. Dixon, Temple ..	38
Capt. Brown, Orillia ..	38
Sister Bowers, Lisgar St. ..	38
P. S. M. Beall, St. Catharines ..	38
Sergt. Kane, St. Catharines ..	38
Capt. Grant, Fergusham ..	38
Capt. White, Huntsville ..	38
S.-M. Hinton, Oakville ..	38
Mrs. Capt. Hanna, Brampton ..	38
Adjut. Wiggins, Lindsay ..	38
Bro. Slater, Temple ..	38
Cadet J. W. Temple ..	38
Bro. Gilkes, Yorkville ..	38
Sister Daburville, Hamilton I. ..	38
Capt. Nelson, Exbridge ..	38
Lieut. Wadage, Exbridge ..	38
Sergt. McQuinn, Exbridge ..	38
Capt. Thompson, Temple ..	38
Capt. Hanna, Brampton ..	38
Capt. Howcroft, Parry Sound ..	38
Mrs. Capt. McLean, Midland ..	38
Cadet Edwards, Lippincott ..	38
Capt. Bennie, Meaford ..	38
Lieut. Craig, Meaford ..	38
Sergt. Boulton, Temple ..	38
Sister Taylor, Hamilton ..	38
Capt. Gammon, Little Current ..	38
Lieut. Hinkinson, Little Current ..	38
S.-M. Cooper, Kilmont ..	38
Capt. Fisher, Chesley ..	38
S.-M. Clark, Collingwood ..	38
Sister Stanton, Oshawa ..	38
Mrs. Capt. Williams, Newmarket ..	38
Lieut. Titus, Newmarket ..	38
Uncle Stanton, Hamilton I. ..	38
Sister Potter, Hamilton I. ..	38
Cadet Smith, Lippincott ..	38
Bro. Goods, Social Farm ..	38
Sergt. Howell, Riverside ..	38
Sister Richards, St. Catharines ..	38
Father Curry, Hamilton I. ..	38
Sergt. Stander, Bracebridge ..	38
Sergt. Mays, Bracebridge ..	38
Bro. Rutherford, Bracebridge ..	38
Capt. Matthews, Bracebridge ..	38
Sister Gee, Hamilton I. ..	38
S.-M. Courtenay, Oranienburg ..	38
Sister Price, Dovercourt ..	38
Capt. Welch, Dovercourt ..	38
S.-M. Cornelius, Huntsville ..	38
Cadet Knuckle, Lippincott ..	38
Lieut. Meeks, Huntsville ..	38
S.-M. Marskell, Bracebridge ..	38
Sergt. Stevens, Riverside ..	38
Sister Robinson, Oshawa ..	38
Capt. Wiseman, Oakville ..	38
Bro. Cockins, Meaford ..	38
Capt. O'Neill, Fenelon Falls ..	38
Bro. McKinnon, Owen Sound ..	38
Bro. Donit, Sudbury ..	38
Sergt. Shelly, Lisgar St. ..	38
Sergt. Sella, Lisgar St. ..	38
Sergt. Simpson, Yorkville ..	38
Bro. Troyer, Brampton ..	38
Bro. Gray, Midland ..	38
Harry Iverson, West Toronto Junction ..	38

EASTERN PROVINCE.

57 Hustlers.

CAPT. JACKSON, Halifax I. ..	123
CAPT. CROFTON, Chatham ..	123
SISTER GRAHAM, Halifax I. ..	123
CAPT. THOMPSON, Campbellton ..	102
P. S. M. WARREN, Charlottetown ..	102
SISTER WHITE, Houlton ..	100
Lieut. Descombe, New Glasgow ..	99
Adjut. Byers, New Glasgow ..	99
Lieut. Meikle, Hillsboro ..	90
Lieut. Smith, Moncton ..	78
Lieut. Hebb, Pictou ..	73
Lieut. Clark, Fredericton ..	73
Lieut. Richards, St. Stephen ..	73
Ensign Larder, Glace Bay ..	68
Mrs. Ensign Parsons, Sydney ..	61
Sister Maybee, Charlottetown ..	61
Capt. Moore, Lisgar St. ..	60
Lieut. Brown, Truro ..	59
Cadet Ebsary, Fredericton ..	59
P. S. M. Morrison, Glace Bay ..	59
Capt. Clark, North Sydney ..	59
Sister Lebeck, Fredericton ..	59
Capt. Fancry, Truro ..	44
Sec. Ellis, Charlottetown ..	44
Cadet Smith, Fredericton ..	44
Sergt. Keating, Glace Bay ..	44
Lieut. Armstrong, Sarnia ..	44
Capt. A. Knight, Chatham ..	44
Sister Taylor, Chatham ..	44
Capt. Sabine, St. Stephen ..	44
Sergt. Pettis, New Glasgow ..	44
Capt. F. H. Chatham ..	44
Lieut. Tudge, Fredericton ..	44
S.-M. Cuthbertson, Moncton ..	44
Ensign Jennings, Moncton ..	44

CENTRAL ONTARIO.

91 Hustlers.

SISTER PASSMORE, Hamilton I. ..	123
CAPT. WILSON, Collingwood ..	118
SERG. FEARCE, Temple ..	102
BRO. CASE, Hamilton I. ..	102
Sergt. Medlock, Temple ..	73
Ensign Smith, Owen Sound ..	74
Ensign Jones, Bowmanville ..	70
Lieut. Daley, Orillia ..	67

Capt. Horwood, Lunenburg	33
P. S. M. Snow, Dartmouth	33
Serg. Fletcher, Sydney	31
Capt. Davies, Bridgewater	30
Serg. Chislett, N. Sydney	29
Serg. Morts, Halifax I.	28
Serg. Matthews, New Glasgow	28
Sister Ash, Sisterhood	28
Mother England, Chatham	25
Sec. Pike, N. Sydney	23
Sister Lebas, Fredericton	23
Sister Snow, Dartmouth	23
Capt. Lamont, Fredericton	21
Serg. McDow, Dartmouth	21
Serg. Lennox, Dartmouth	20
Serg. McIvor, Dartmouth	20
Serg. Collins, Sydney	20
Capt. Ritchie, Moncton	20
Serg. Blakeney, Moncton	20
Sister Horton, Moncton	20
Leut. Mowbray, Bridgewater	20
Sister Lamour, Carleton	20

NORTH-WEST PROVINCE.

40 Hustlers.

Capt. Brander, Grand Forks	33
Leut. Lloyd, Fort William	30
Cadet Poter, Winnipeg	30
Leut. Anderson, Fargo	30
Capt. Knutson, Winnipeg	29
Ensign Dean, Calgary	25
Leut. Russell, Prince Albert	23
Leut. Clark, Laramore	20
Leut. Hangan, Edmonton	19
Leut. Wilcox, Winnipeg	19
Leut. Woodworth, Moosemilk	19
Capt. Wilkins, Port Arthur	19
Leut. Bussan, Grafton	19
Serg. Major Walks, Valley City	14
Serg. Chapman, Winnipeg	15
Capt. Stokes, Carberry	15
Leut. Askin, Virden	14
Serg. McNabb, Portage la Prairie	14
Capt. Herringsley, Emerson	14
Cand. McLeod, Moose Jaw	14
Capt. Pearce, Edmonton	13
Leut. Wick, Lethbridge	13
Leut. Blodgett, Calgary	13
Capt. McKay, Moosemilk	13
Ensign Smith, Brandon	15
Leut. Anderson, Emerson	14
Sister Cook, Winnipeg	14
Mrs. Ensign Chambliss, Neepawa	14
Capt. Campbell, Virden	13
Capt. Elliott, Portage la Prairie	13
Serg. Mansell	13
Leut. Hammond, Grand Forks	13
Leut. Bland, Minneapolis	13
Mrs. Johnson, Bismarck	13
Serg. L. Chapman, Winnipeg	13
Leut. Anderson, Fargo	13
Capt. Livingston, Mandan	13
J. S. S. M. Dunlop, Lethbridge	13
Serg. Penfold, Winnipeg	13
Sister Johnson, Winnipeg	13

NEWFOUNDLAND PROVINCE.

11 Hustlers.

Serg. Major Childs, St. Johns I.	50
Serg. Linton, St. Johns I.	40
Serg. Clark, St. Johns I.	40
Serg. March, St. Johns I.	40
Capt. Moulton, Clarendville	35
Serg. Thistle, St. Johns I.	30
Cadet W. Reed, St. Johns I.	30
Cadet Webber, St. Johns I.	30
Cadet J. Pollett, St. Johns I.	25
Cadet J. Roder, St. Johns I.	25
Sister M. Harris, St. Johns I.	22

WOODSTOCK (N.B.) SIEGE NOTES.

By ADJT. McGe.

To the glory of God I am pleased to report that we have had glorious times during the Commissioner's Siege. The percentage of increase has been, I think, good.

Souls saved	50
Souls enrolled	5
Juniors rolled	5
Candidates applied	2

Comparing the last week of the Siege with the last week before the Siege the increases are as follows:

Inside attendance increase weekly	205
Souls' open-air attendance increase weekly	22
Knee-dirt attendance increase weekly	13
Cartridges increase weekly	\$1.19
J. S. Company attendance increase	20
B. of L. attendance weekly increase	15
Companies formed	2
Company leaders	2
Sale of Young Soldiers	10
B. of L. members	7

We regret very much that our returns do not show material increase compared with number of converts, still we thank God for ten.

We still hope to enlist quite a number as soldiers.

"Good Soldiers of Jesus Christ."

(11. Tim. ii. 3.)

BY A FRIEND OF THE S. A.

WHAT constitutes a good soldier of Jesus Christ? I wish it were in my power to answer this question intelligently in all its details, but this I must leave to a more competent pen than mine. I should wish, however, to state just a few elements which, I think, always characterize the good soldier of Jesus Christ, whether found in the Salvation Army, or in any of the different churches to-day.

The first element, I think, which characterizes a good soldier, in the common acceptance of the word, is

Loyalty!

A disloyal soldier is no soldier in the truest sense and is unworthy of the name. He may fight mechanically when compelled to, but without genuine loyalty to his noble Queen or President, he will

can be procured, he may be fully equipped as a soldier, but unless he knows how, and when, to use his weapons, when engaged in fierce combat with the enemy, he is sure to be defeated.

The soldier of Jesus Christ will likewise be defeated by the enemy of souls, unless he knows how, and when, to use the weapons which God puts into his hands. He may carry a Bible in his pocket, as many professing Christians do, yet if he does not know how to handle this "Sword of the Spirit," if he cannot make successful use of it in defense as well as aggressive warfare with Satan, he will never attain to the distinction of a good soldier of Jesus Christ. How successfully Christ made use of this weapon when attacked by Satan in the wilderness!

In this age of unbelief and wickedness, when men are denying the Word of Truth, the good soldier of Jesus Christ needs to have a thorough knowledge of the Bible and its use. Satan and his agents will attack him on every side. The battle may wax hot, the enemy strong and determined, but, loyal to his God, in Whom he abides trusts, together with a God-given knowledge of the use of his Divine weapon, victory will be his and God will be honored.

vice of God, fearlessly attacking the enemy in the strength of the Almighty, and achieving glorious victories which shall cause joy in heaven.

I embrace the opportunity to add in conclusion, that from my own observation, the above characteristics of a good soldier of Jesus Christ are abundantly manifest in the Salvation Army soldiers. If there is a Christian people to-day who deserve the above title more than others, it is the Salvation Army. I believe it is composed of the best Christian soldiers—soldiers in the truest sense of the word—who accomplish more for God and fallen humanity than any of the other Christian bodies, who lay claim to the above title. Where will you find a body of Christians who are more loyal not only to their flag, but to God? Where will you find Christian soldiers, as a whole, who possess a better knowledge of the English Bible, and who can make a more effective use of it in overthrowing the works of Satan and rescuing souls from his power?

Where will you find a more courageous band of men and women, who, regardless of the praise and the opinion of the world, attack sin of every form with a fearless hand, determined to conquer or die?

These are some of the many qualities and attainments which characterize the Salvationists in all lands at the present day, hence their eminent success in leading souls to Christ.

I pray that other Christian workers in our churches to-day may seek to possess these essential elements of good soldiership, and go forth in His name to fight the great enemy of souls to the latter end.

MISSING.

To Parents, Relations and Friends:

We would search for missing persons in any part of the globe; befriend and, as far as possible, assist distressed women and children who are in difficulty. Address Commissioner Evangelizing Booth, 16 Albert Terrace, and may "find" or "lose" the missing. Fifty cents should be sent, if possible, to defray expenses.

Others, Soldiers and Friends are requested to look regularly through this column and to notify the Commissioner if they are able to give any information about persons advertised for.

Second Insertion.

HARRY R. SWAN, age 44, dark complexion, 5 feet 5 inches in height. For many years worked at bridge building on railways. Last letter received spoke of going to Alaska. Address Inquiry, Toronto.

WILLIAM CAMERON or RICHARDSON. Seafaring man. Last heard of at Valparaiso about 18 or 20 years ago as first mate of a ship. Tall, with fair hair and blue eyes. Born in Picton, N. S. Address Inquiry, Toronto.

CHRISTIANA BARKER. Last heard of in Whitby, Ont. Supposed to have been married. Age 60 years. Brother William anxiously enquires. Address Inquiry, Toronto.

CATHARINE AND JAMES LAMPIN. Information is needed regarding the above. In 1870 they were sent from Bristol to Canada. Catharine went to Mr. George Ball, St. Catharines, and James to Mrs. Kitchenough, Thorold, Ont. They are both 40 or 45 years of age now. Any news will be gratefully received by English correspondents. Address Inquiry Toronto.

HARRY MUNRO. Has not been heard of for 17 years, and mother is anxious. Age 35, height 5 ft. 10 in., fair complexion. Has a scar on one cheek. Painter by trade. Last heard of in St. Thomas. Address Inquiry, Toronto.

MRS. LIZZIE E. REED (nee Harris) or MISS L. M. BROWN. Age 21, height 5 ft., fair complexion, brown hair and eyes. Missing since Sept. 10th, 1897. Last heard of in Chicago. Has a little boy, named William James, with her, aged 2 years. Friends are very desirous of knowing her whereabouts. Address Inquiry, Toronto.

HERMAN MUEHLEISEN. Not heard of for ten years. Last known address: 1014 1/2 St., Spokane, Wash. Address Inquiry, Toronto.

Inquireance, truly, is the prime material of industry, action. Action, as it were, hangs dissolved in speech—in thought; whereof speech is the shadow; and precipitates itself therefrom.



THE WAR CRY BOOMER'S RESURRECTION.

never distinguish himself as a good soldier.

If loyalty is an essential qualification of a good soldier of our country, it is essential to the qualification of a good soldier of Jesus Christ. Loyalty to God, loyalty to the Salvation Army, loyalty to the church to which we belong, loyalty to one another, loyalty to ourselves, is essential to good soldiership. Disloyalty to God to-day is disqualifying thousands of people as Christian warriors, who otherwise might be giants in fighting the enemy of souls.

God cannot use the disloyal professor of religion. He may possess many excellent qualities, he may even fight mechanically when outward pressure is brought to bear upon him, he may have the appearance of a good soldier, but if he lacks true loyalty in every particular, he cannot be called a good soldier of Jesus Christ.

Another essential qualification of a good soldier of Jesus Christ is

A Thorough Knowledge of the Use of the Bible.

The Sword of the Spirit. What is a soldier worth on a field of battle if he is ignorant of the use of his weapons? He may possess the best sword which

Another element characteristic of the good soldier of Jesus Christ is

Courage!

This has always been a distinguishing feature of the good soldiers of our country. Courage is indispensable on the field of battle. It has achieved great victories in all ages, both on the battlefield and elsewhere, and the liberty that we enjoy to-day as a people has been won by the noble courage of our forefathers. The good soldiers of Jesus Christ need courage just as much as the soldiers of our country. When is there a time in the life of a true Christian that courage is not needed? Some people say it does not require much courage to be a Christian, but however that may be, it requires courage to be a good soldier of Jesus Christ.

If there ever was a time when indomitable courage was needed in fighting against the face of Satan, and pulling down his strongholds, it is at the present day! Lack of this essential element in the professing Christians is impeding the work of God everywhere to a large extent, and allowing Satan to have his own way with perishing souls.

In view of this, may every soldier of Jesus Christ be courageous in the ser-



An Old Timer!

Tune.—Shout aloud salvation (B.J. 21).

3 Shout aloud, salvation, and we'll have another song.
Sing it with a spirit that will start the world along!
Sing it as our comrades sang it many a thousand strong.
As we go marching to Glory.

Chorus.

March on! march on! we'll bring the Jubilee
Fight on! fight on! salvation makes us free!
We'll sing our Saviour's praises over every land and sea.
As we go marching to Glory.

How the anxious soul it when they hear the joyful sound!
How the weakest conquer when the Saviour they have found.
How our grand battalions with conquering power abound.
As we go marching to Glory.

"Oh, they're helpless nobodies," our foes have made the boast;
They forget that with us comes the Almighty Holy Ghost.
And unseen battalions of the glorious heavenly host.
As we go marching to Glory.

So we'll make a thoroughfare for Jesus and His train:
All the world shall hear us as fresh converts still we gain;
Sin shall fly before us, for resistance is in vain.
As we go marching to Glory.

To Arms, Ye Brave!

Tunes.—The Lion of Judah (B.B. 99); Lord, I believe (B. J. 180, 1).

4 God's trumpet is sounding, "To arms!" is the call.
More warriors are wanted to help on the war;
My King's in the battle. He's calling for me.
A Salvation Soldier for Jesus I'll be.

On land and on water my colors I'll show,
Through ten thousand battles with danger I'll go;
In danger I'm certain He'll take care of me.
His Blood-and-Fire Soldier for ever I'll be.

When foes persecute me I'll not be dismayed.
Sin, death, hell, and fiends shall not make me afraid;
From fearing and doubting I'm fully set free.
A Salvation Soldier for God I will be.

I'll fight to the last with the Lord's sword and shield.
And count it an honor to die on the field;
In death and the grave there is victory for me.
A Salvation Soldier in Glory I'll be.

The war will go on till the world is possessed.
The Salvation Army Jehovah has blessed.
More heroes of faith on the roll we shall see.
The Salvation Army's the Army for me.

Prepare, Prepare!

Tune.—B. J. 65.

5 The Judgment Day is drawing near.
In dread reality,
When all the dead God's voice shall hear.
And rise from land and sea.

Chorus.

Then for this awful day prepare.
Repent and turn to God;
His life He gave.
He longs to save.
And wash you in His Blood.

Oh, what a countless host shall then before the Judge appear.
Waiting with joy or guilty dread
Their final doom to hear.

Then hidden things revealed will be.
And secrets brought to light;
Their sinful course will sinners see.
And tremble at the sight.

Those opportunities abused.
By God in mercy given.
The Spirit's voice so long refused.
That would have led to heaven.

Oh, ere your every chance be fled.
Yield to the Spirit's voice;
He calls to-day, no more delay.
But make the Lord your choice.

The courage we desire and prize is not the courage to die decently, but to live manfully.

Ready to Die.

Tunes.—Ready to die (B.J. 19, 3); Are you washed? (B.J. 210, 2);

6 With a sorrow for sin
Let repentance begin.
Then conversion, of course, will draw nigh;
But till washed in the Blood
Of the Crucified Lord
You'll never be ready to die.

And that you may succeed,
Come along with all speed.
To a Saviour Who will not deny;
Tell Him plainly, in brief,
That for sin you feel grief,
And you long to be ready to die!

We've His word and His oath.
And His love seals them both.
And we're sure the Almighty can't lie.
If you do not delay.
But repent while you may.
He will soon make you ready to die.

When the light we have done,
And the victory won,
We to mansions of glory shall fly:
There eternally praise
The blest Ancient of Days.
For His love made us ready to die.

This Week's Solo.

WHAT JIM'S WIFE SAYS ABOUT THE ARMY!

Tune.—Wearing of the green.
7 Just listen to my story, sir.
I haven't much to say.
But if you'd called a year ago,
And then again to-day,
No need of any words to tell,
Your own sharp eyes could see.
Just what the dear old Army, sir,
Has done for Jim and me.

A year ago I hadn't flour
To make a loaf of bread.
And many a night my little ones
Went supperless to bed.
Just peep into the pantry, sir.
There's sugar, flour and tea;
And that's what God and the Army,
Have done for Jim and me.

That pail that holds the milk, sir,
He used to fill with beer.
But he hasn't had a drop of drink
For nearly, now, a year;
He looks the whole world in the face
And steps out brave and free;
And that's what the dear old Army,
Has done for Jim and me.

Has done for Jim and me.
I used to be afraid of blue—
His coming spoilt my day—
Now every night, when supper's o'er,
The table's cleared away.
The children trolle round his chair
And climb upon his knee;
That's what the dear old Army, sir,
Has done for Jim and me.

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Lost in God!

Tunes.—Faith's ascents (B.J. 85, 1); Come, comrades dear (B. B. 9); Willoughby (B.J. 169, 1); Praise (B.J. 143, 1).

1 I gaze upon Thy sacred Cross,
And with Thee suffer every loss.
And lose my life in God.
Lord, cleanse me now from inbred sin.
And keep me, by Thy power within.
Forever 'neath the Blood.

I want Thy holy presence here.
To cast out doubt, and self, and fear.
And save me from my sin.
Too long has evil mastered me,
O blessed Lord, now set me free.
And make me clean within.

My hours and moments shall be Thine.
Naught that I have now call I mine:
All, all to Thee I give!
My present and my future life
Are Thine for toll and sacrifice.
For Thee alone I'll live.

A Perfect Trust.

Tunes.—I'm happy (B.B. 47); Hiding in Thee (B.J. 9, 2); Home, sweet home (B.J. 54, 2); Dear Jesus, I long (B.J. 56, 2).

2 The conflict is over, the tempest is past.
I'm resting in Jesus, I'm resting at last:
The billows that filled my poor soul with alarm
Are hushed at His word into stillness and calm.

Chorus.

I'm trusting, I'm trusting.
At the Cross of Christ I bow:
I'm trusting in Jesus—
I'm trusting just now.

There's peace in believing, sweet peace to the soul,
To know that He maketh me perfectly whole.
There's joy everlasting to feel His Blood flow,
'Tis life from the dead my Redeemer to know.

Oh, hinder me not, while His love I proclaim.
My soul makes her boast in His wonderful name.
I stand with my feet on the neck of my foe.
Then, bounding with grace, triumphant I go.

There's peace in believing, sweet peace to the soul,
To know that He maketh me perfectly whole.
Oh, come to the Fountain, oh, come at His call.
There's healing, and cleansing, and welcome for all.

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